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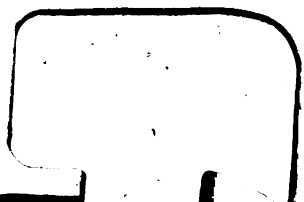
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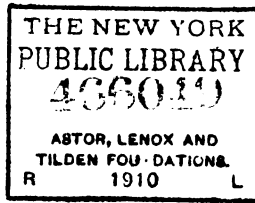
THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL  
REGISTER

VOL. XI., 1908



RECEIVED  
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1908

PUBLISHED BY THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
MEDFORD, MASS.



MEDFORD

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W. H. W. B.  
 1881  
 1881





DAVID H. BROWN.  
PRESIDENT OF THE MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1902-1906.





JOHN BROWN.  
HISTORICAL SOCIETY, 1901

# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XI.

JANUARY, 1908.

No. 1.

## MEDFORD FIFTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

BY CHARLES E. HURD, BOSTON.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, May 4, 1907.]

WHEN, a few months ago, in a conversation with one of your members, I expressed a willingness to give your Society, not a lecture, but a heart-to-heart talk on "Medford, as I Knew It Fifty Years Ago," I did not realize what I was taking upon myself. The limitations of my subject as implied in my promise did not once occur to me. The whole history of the town seemed back of me, and I had vague visions at the moment of the references I should be able to make to eminent citizens of the past; to the great captains of industry in the way of ship-building, who had laid the foundations of the town's prosperity; to the leaders of public thought, and, in the purely intellectual line, to those two famous daughters of the town, Maria Gowen Brooks and Lydia Maria Child, who years before had shed a permanent literary flavor over the place. Surely there was an embarrassment of riches in the way of material for such a talk. It was not until after many weeks, and when the date assigned me was growing near, that I sat myself seriously to the task of preparation. Then the truth first dawned upon me. I realized, to my consternation, that up to that time I had been living in a state of delusion, and that instead of the free and unlimited scope I had expected, I was bound by the letter of my promise and agreement to confine myself to speak only of the town as I knew it when, a boy of nineteen, I wandered into its precincts, and that my area of treatment lay wholly between the autumn of 1853 and the summer of

1854. All the rich material of the past was thus barred out, and all the still richer material of the years which followed I could make no use of.

At first I felt strongly tempted to write and withdraw my promise, but after due consideration I concluded that I might, in the way of anecdote and comment, manage to shed some sidelights on Medford life and society, even in that brief space of time, that might be of passing interest.

I doubt if in all the years of Medford's history there was ever a more stagnant period than during those nine months. I am not finding fault. It suited me well enough, for I needed quiet surroundings for my work; but it was unfortunate for your sakes here tonight that it didn't provide me with more stirring material than I shall be able to give you. I was young when I first came to the town. I knew no one, and my life was spent much to myself. I made few acquaintances, but I was naturally of an inquiring mind, and while most of the people I met with were apparently oblivious of my existence, I kept my eyes and ears open.

My first coming to Medford was the result of a painful episode in my family history. When I was a child I used to hear my mother, who died nearly twenty years ago at the age of ninety, tell the story of her brother who died in Medford, away from his home, at the age of sixteen, and who was buried in the old ground across the street from here. His father, my grandfather, had, with several of his neighbors, obtained the charter for a new town in New Hampshire, and had emigrated there with his family. The conditions were unfavorable, however, and the little community suffered from lack of money. It was finally decided that half a dozen of the younger men should return to Massachusetts and seek employment, sending home regularly a portion of their wages, thus relieving the stress upon the little community. My uncle was then young in years, but a man in size and intelligence. He begged to be one of those

chosen, and his prayer was granted. With his companions, carrying his little bundle, he walked a hundred miles to Boston. That was in the year 1802. In that year Thatcher Magoun was building his first vessel on the Mystic, and thither the young lad hurried in pursuit of work, which he at once obtained. On the second day after his arrival he fell from the deck to the ship's bottom and was instantly killed.

All the rest of the remaining years of her life his mother was filled with a longing to visit and look upon his last resting place. But that comfort was denied her. The hard days of the pioneers were not yet past, and a few years later she, too, was taken. At the time my mother was three years old — too young, one would suppose, for even so sad an event to make a permanent impression, yet so heavy and sudden was the blow, and so keen was the sorrow in the household, that it remained until the day of her death, nearly ninety years later, one of the most vivid and painful of her memories.

And so the first vessel built on the Mystic after colonial times was baptized in the blood of this New Hampshire boy, and as one of the results of his tragic and untimely fate I am sitting here and talking to you tonight.

When I left my New Hampshire home fifty years later to seek, as my uncle did, my fortune, my mother exacted a promise from me that I sometime would visit Medford, find the grave, and mark it with a stone, no matter how humble. It was a year or two before the opportunity came. One beautiful day in early October, in 1853, I started out from my Boston boarding-house on my long delayed mission. It was a day to be remembered. The sky was clear, the air bracing, and my light-heartedness was altogether unbefitting the solemnity of my errand. After leaving Charlestown Neck it was a plunge into the real country. Winter Hill was bare of buildings, save here and there a farmhouse, and on either side were fields of corn and spacious gardens, pastures,



and green trees where are now paved streets and rows upon rows of handsome houses. Down in the marshes to the right were the busy brickyards, and near by, a standing rebuke to the civilization of the time, were the ruins of the Ursuline Convent, destroyed by a mob a few years before.

Passing down Main street on this side the hill, I stopped to study the Royall mansion. I knew nothing of its name or history, but the place carried with it an unmistakable flavor of the past, and that was an element which always attracted me. So on past the Medford House, over the bridge, past the little branch railroad station and City Hall, into the square. As I entered the square, things had a strangely familiar look. There are so many things in old-fashioned New England villages that look alike. It reminded me of certain New Hampshire villages with which I was familiar, the type, I have since found, of nine out of ten of those anciently planted in New England, the main feature consisting of two broad streets crossing each other at right angles, the intersection forming what is always and everywhere known as "the square," round which are clustered the various stores of the town, the postoffice, and the oldest church, the town pump always in the center. This last was my first objective point, for my long walk had made me thirsty. I was not so thoroughly permeated with my errand as to be oblivious of everything else, and I spent a comfortable and instructive hour in "sizing up" the town before I turned my steps toward the old burying-ground, directed by a little girl, who was curious to know if I "was going to have a funeral," and who seemed to be genuinely disappointed when I assured her I was not. The wall which skirted the yard was in a dilapidated condition at that date, the town, or the church society having it in charge, evidently feeling sure that none of those in the enclosure would ever try to get out, and equally sure that nobody outside would be anxious to get in, and so regarded its mending as unnecessary. A

diligent investigation availed nothing in the way of locating the spot of which I was in search. I should have been sure of that in the beginning. The world is too busy with its own affairs to take note of the friendless and penniless who leave it, and the only consolation I had in my disappointment was that the nameless dust I had vainly sought nourished the grass above it equally with that of those of more lofty name and lineage which had mingled with it.

While I was resting on the broken wall, from my investigations among the dilapidated stones and unmarked mounds, I was accosted by a pleasant faced young fellow who had been watching me, and who thought I might be searching for some rare botanical specimen. He assured me there was nothing but the commonest weeds and plants in the yard. When I explained that I was simply trying to locate a grave his curiosity suddenly cooled. Later I formed a closer acquaintance with him. You of a later generation know him as Nat Bishop, who later, as a man, brought honor upon himself and his native town as an explorer and naturalist. His home at that time was on Salem street, and very near this spot. I recall his taking me there once or twice, and of meeting his mother, who impressed me as a superior woman. A vague and altogether uncertain memory connects the Bishops with T. P. Smith. Both were property holders on the street, and I think their estates joined.

It was now one o'clock. I had eaten nothing since seven that morning, and became suddenly conscious of an appetite. As a result I began to look about for the means of satisfying it. Walking back to the square I began hunting for a restaurant. I soon found that my search was labor lost. There was no restaurant, but a man whom I asked furnished the information that I could get a good dinner at "Betsy Baker's" for fifty cents, and appeared surprised that I didn't know that Betsy Baker's was the Medford House. Now, half dollars were not as plenty then as they are today, and besides,

if the truth must be told, I had n't half a dollar in my pocket. Hungrier than ever, I wandered down Salem street, when Withington's bakery caught my eye. "They make things to eat, here," I said to myself, "and of course they sell them." A course of reasoning I subsequently found correct.

I shall never forget that dinner, which I ate off the counter, while the girl in attendance watched me as if she expected I was going through the whole stock. Three doughnuts, half a dozen cookies, quarter of an apple pie, with a glass of milk. I have eaten dinners at Parker's, Young's, the Touraine, and the Waldorf-Astoria since then, but never one with a better appetite, or which went so directly to the spot. I remember it, too, for another reason. There was a third person present, who watched my gastronomic performances with evident astonishment and admiration. His floury appearance and white jacket showed him to be a baker, probably one of Mr. Withington's employees, and as soon as he opened his mouth I knew that he was an Irishman. As I wiped my mouth with my handkerchief after finishing my meal, he opened upon me. Our conversation ran something like this: —

"Ye come out here from Boston?"

"Yes."

"Wid a team?"

"No."

"By the cars?"

"No, on foot."

"Are ye lookin' fur a job?"

"No."

"Are ye a baker?"

"No, I was never inside a bakeshop before."

"Well, then, if ye footed it out from Boston this hot day, and ye are n't a baker, and ye don't want a job, what the divil are ye here for, anyway?"

Whereupon I explained with considerable particularity my errand. He looked disgusted.

"It's the women are the fules!" he commented. "Here ye've come thrampin' out to a place where ye've no business, to find the bones of a man that's been rotten for fifty years, and that nobody remembers? Well, and what would ye do if ye found 'em? Tell me that!"

I could not tell him, and our conversation ended. I returned to Boston that afternoon, but I was n't satisfied. There was something about the atmosphere of Medford that appealed to me, and the following week I packed my carpet bag and went back, this time by train. I found a boarding place in the square, in the house on the corner of Forest and Salem streets, where Timothy Cotting afterward erected his brick block. A baker named Richardson occupied one half, while the other was lived in by Mr. Gibbs, the worthy watchmaker, whose store was just opposite. On the opposite corner of the same streets stood an ancient building, the Tufts house, I think it was called, with one or two immense trees in front. At that time it was occupied—the lower half, at least—by a Mr. Peak, whose family later toured New England as the "Bell Ringers."

Mr. Peak was a skilful barber, as well as a hustling periodical dealer. He was a slender, active man, with a face that showed the traces of smallpox. He was a good talker, as well as a good walker, and seemed to do a thriving business.

Just below, and only separated from the Cotting bakery by an alley, was a big wooden tenement building, far gone in decay, which was fortunately swept out of existence some years ago. Its site is now covered by the brick block already referred to. On the opposite side of High street and near the City Hall was the residence of James M. Usher, the latest historian of Medford, and the first, I believe, to establish a newspaper in town.

Just above Mr. Usher's, in a modest little store, kept by a Mr. Winneck, was the postoffice. It may be that I was a trifle impatient at times, but it used to seem to me that Mr. Winneck took his duties too seriously.

There were no letter-carriers in those days, and everybody had to come to the office to get or send letters. I recall, even now, with a feeling of irritation, the deliberation of the postmaster in handling the mails, and how he rebuked the impatience of the waiting people with a gleam of his glittering eye.

The low brick block which curved from Main street round into Ship street is much the same as it was then, though I think not one of the old-time tenants remains. Most of them are probably dead. The old railroad station has changed little. The City Hall maintains the same respectable and dignified air that it did when I first knew it. At that time it was too large for the legitimate uses of the town, and the end toward the square was occupied as a clothing store. I went there once to purchase a pair of pantaloons, and I shall never forget the interested air of the proprietor, or it may have been a clerk, who inquired of what tint I would like them.

One thing which has materially changed the aspect of the square is the disappearance of the old town pump. Added to its picturesqueness, it was in those days an absolute necessity. Here came the tired horses to drink, and in dry seasons the inexhaustible supply furnished the neighbors with water on washing days. A tin dipper without a chain testified at once to the thirst as well as to the honesty of the inhabitants. With the introduction of the city water it, of course, lost much of its practical value, and the coming of the electrical railway system made its removal a necessity.

On Forest street, leading to Pine Hill, there were but two or three houses on the left. On the right were half a dozen, with the Universalist church. And speaking of churches reminds me.

I was never particularly attracted toward any one church, but I was always fond of good preaching, and so used to distribute my Sunday visits among the places where I was pretty sure to hear it. Medford, in those

days, was well supplied with preachers of ability. The Rev. Jacob M. Manning, of the Mystic Congregational Church, was one of these. Later he was called to the pulpit of the Old South, in Boston, where he remained until his death. The Rev. E. P. Marvin, of the Second Congregational Church, was another of local reputation. The pastor of the Universalist Church, G. V. Maxham, was a man of fine presence, a gentleman, and beloved of his congregation. He had the poetic instinct, and was the author of some fine poems, which found place in the magazines. But of all the clergy I loved best to listen to the Unitarian minister, John Pierpont, whose fervency and honesty endeared him to many who were not of his faith. He was a sturdy abolitionist, a warm advocate of temperance, and an ardent worker in every movement which led to the uplifting of the human race. He wrote beautiful verse, and compiled the best school reader ever published in the United States. As a matter of course he found enemies in every parish where he served. It could not well be otherwise. No man can well please God and the people at the same time. Pierpont knew that and he did not try.

During my stay in town Tufts College was in process of building. One of the painters and decorators of the structure was a Frenchman named Louis Randel. I had known him as a teacher of his native language in Boston, and used to go often to the college and watch him at work. A drearier place than the college grounds were at this time can hardly be imagined. It was simply a bare, barren hill, without a shrub or bush to break the monotony of the surroundings. The building itself was far from attractive. It stood square and alone, and was repellent to any one of artistic tastes. But see to what it has grown, and what a place of charm its surroundings have become. Its second president, Dr. Alonzo A. Miner, I knew from my earliest boyhood. He was born on the farm next that of my father, and though much older than I, that fellow-townsmen sort of feeling made him seem near.

I have referred to the Medford House. In the winter-time it used to be the objective point of sleighing parties from Boston. Occasionally these were of a hilarious character, and gave the place a rather unpleasant reputation. Like all country hotels, it had its regular hangers-on who were always ready to drink at a visitor's expense. I can remember two or three who were chronic ornaments of the benches on the front piazza of this hostelry, and whose presence notably reduced the attendance of local patronage.

One day was very much like another in old Medford. It was seldom that anything sensational occurred. The most exciting thing that happened during the nine months of my residence was the advent of the insane street preacher, who was known as the Angel Gabriel, so called from the fact that he carried a long tin horn, which he blew in the street to attract audiences. It was the so-called Know-Nothing period, when the silly and credulous people of the community professed to believe that the Roman Catholics were going to make an armed attempt to overthrow the government, and formed a political organization, which for a time, shame be it said, obtained a strong hold here in Massachusetts. The Angel Gabriel was an apostle of this movement, and wandered from town to town, blowing his horn and stirring up the people with his crazy utterances. It was a July Saturday when he entered Medford. It was just after supper when he first sounded his horn, and it did not take long for him to gather a crowd. Later the doors of the Town Hall were opened, and the room was soon packed with people, out of curiosity. I have never heard a more insane farrago from the lips of any living man. It was a call for the people to rise and drive the Roman Catholics from the country. He declared that every servant girl was provided with a package of poison, ready to drop it into the food of the family the moment the word was given by the Pope, and that every Catholic church was an arsenal where the members drilled at night, ready for

a bloody onslaught upon the Protestants. There was a contingent of rough characters in the ship-yard who were eager for any chance for trouble, and they were quick to seize upon any excuse. There was to be a special Catholic service in one of the churches in Chelsea the following day, Sunday, and forty or fifty of them preceded by the Angel Gabriel, started in wagons for Chelsea. Here they attacked the people taking part in the service, smashed the church windows, tore down the cross from the tower and committed other deeds of vandalism, which, but for the excited state of public opinion at the time, would have sent the perpetrators straight to jail. There are probably some within this room who will remember the circumstance better, perhaps, than I.

As has been seen, the Medford of fifty-three or four years ago was by no means the Medford of today. It was then like a big country village, with between three and four thousand inhabitants, where you would see the farmers walking about in their shirt-sleeves, where ox-teams were as common as horses, and where you heard a good deal of the old New England dialect spoken. It was a quiet, restful place, withal, excepting in the ship-yards. All the life and energy of the waking day seemed to be concentrated *there*, and the steady beat of the hammers of the calkers was the beat of the pulse of the great industry which made the prosperity of the town. In all the time I was a resident there was not a murder nor a burglary nor a scandal, business, political, or domestic, aside from what I have mentioned, and I cannot even remember that there was a dog-fight.

The town then was not as much of a bedroom for Boston business men as now. True, there were many who did business in the city and went in daily, but the great majority found work enough to do at home. There was much sociability in the old time and everybody knew everybody else. Doubtless there was a good deal of visiting among the people, else there would not have been that degree of familiarity that was so apparent.



We are apt to judge the past by the present, but do we ever really stop to think of the tremendous differences which exist between two or three generations? Let us consider, for instance, those conditions which existed in the days of which I am speaking and those of today; of the things your fathers lacked and did not know that they lacked, and yet got as much out of life as you do today with the multitude of things then undreamed of. Fifty-four years ago there was no water department system in Medford. Every family depended upon its own well or the town pump, and all so-called modern conveniences were altogether unknown. In the year 1853, I venture to say, there was not such a thing as a bathroom or a bathtub in the town. Hot and cold water on tap was only two years old in Boston, and Medford housekeepers only knew of it by hearsay. Gas, if used at all, was very sparingly used. My memory is not clear on that point, but I am quite sure that the popular light was known by the name of "burning fluid." Kerosene, which is a product of petroleum, did not come in until after the discovery of the oil fields in Pennsylvania ten years later.

There was, however, a fire department. Not a paid department, but purely volunteer. If I rightly remember, there were three companies, all friendly. I do not recall their names, but one of them had a house on High street near the Unitarian church, and it was a favorite lounging place of the members and their friends in the evenings. I think Captain Teel headed this organization. All these companies did good service, no doubt, when the need came. I remember only a single instance when it was called out. A fire broke out in somebody's shed. It took but a few minutes to subdue it, and then the whole populace adjourned to the engine house to partake of a collation, which consisted of crackers and cheese and a pail of hot coffee, in which everybody shared. There was no red-tape in those days. The collation — they called it co-lation then — was everywhere the custom,

and a conflagration was not considered legally extinguished until the crackers and cheese had been properly served and eaten.

There was, in 1853, no military organization of any kind. The Brooks Phalanx, which had enjoyed a nine years' existence, had resigned its charter in 1849, and the Lawrence Light Guard was not formed until October, 1854.

In 1853 there was no regular police force in town. If you wanted a thief caught you had to catch him yourself or get your neighbors to help you. And there really didn't seem to be much need of policemen. It was only when the village grew larger and a new element came in that the need became apparent. In the late fifties, I think it was, three constables were appointed to keep the peace, and they used to carry their badges in their pockets, to be pulled out only in a case of dire emergency. So you see that ancient Medford was a law-abiding place and its inhabitants a quiet and God-fearing people. At that time I do not think there were a dozen families of foreign parentage in town. The inhabitants were of pure New England stock, whose blood ran from old English sources. Go through the records of the names of the first settlers and you will see what I mean. There are the Lawrences, the Halls, the Tufts, the Ushers, the Bishops, the Adamses, the Stearnses, and a score of others equally familiar to your ears, all of whom lived in the good old Anglo-Saxon way, and left a permanent impress on the social and business life of the town.

But to come back. Fifty years ago there was no Y. M. C. A. I am not sure that you have one now. If not, there is a gap to be filled. There was no Historical Society. No one thought of such a thing. There was no literary club, and you will pardon me if I say it, although there was much genuine literary taste, it was put to little practical use. I was at that time anxious to come in contact with people of literary accomplishment,

but though I met with well-bred and apparently well-read people, they never seemed to care to talk about books or authors. I do remember one exception, however. A Miss Louise J. Cutter, the daughter, I think, of a Mr. Cutter who lived near the tide-mill, gave evidence of considerable literary ability, and contributed occasionally to the Boston press. She died quite early of consumption. The impulses to literary production were quite lacking. There was no village newspaper, no public library, no reading-room, no telephones, no fraternal societies. Clubs were unheard of. There was neither boat club, home club, woman's club, whist club, nor bridge club. I do remember one organization, the Mendelssohn Society, I think it was called, which brought together weekly or monthly a number of young people interested in music. But to those without "ear" it counted as nothing. Strange to say, there was no Masonic lodge, although one was established in the autumn of 1854, a month after I left town. There was no lodge of Odd Fellows. There had been one some years before, but owing to internal dissensions its charter had been surrendered.

The popular athletic games of today had not been created nor invented. There was no baseball, no football, no basket ball, no croquet, no lawn tennis, and one might almost say, no anything. If one met the word "gymnasium" in print one would have to look it up in the dictionary to know what it meant. Bicycles were as yet unheard of. It was not until thirty years later that the word found a place in the language. The idea of an automobile had not entered the wildest dreams of inventors, and its motive power, electricity, which now runs everything from a train of cars to a sewing-machine, was an altogether unknown quantity. In those days people slept upon feather and straw beds, and I have many times seen huge loads of straw in Medford streets stopping here and there to supply houses with fresh material for worn-out beds. And the custom was the

same in Boston. The modern generation supposes that mattresses are as old as the Christian era. In reality they came into use within the memory of many members of this society. And sewing-machines and carpet sweepers! I doubt if there were either of them known in Medford in 1853. The first sewing-machine I ever saw was at the Mechanic's Fair in Faneuil Hall, in Boston, in the fall of 1854, and that would work only imperfectly. At that time there was no communication with Boston except by the trains on the Medford Branch, which came and went four times a day, or by private teams, or on foot. Nearly all travel was by the first. The cars were small and dirty, and a single one sufficed on most trips. Horse-cars and electrics were yet undreamed of.

West Medford existed in little more than name. I used frequently to walk out there. The houses were few along High street after leaving Thatcher Magoun's. In the summer of 1853 the number of dwellings within the borders of West Medford could not have been over thirty. The streets that had been laid out were mere country roads and were unpaved and unsidewalked, and what is now one of the most attractive of suburban places was then a rough and undeveloped section of country, hardly calculated to favorably impress the seeker for a home.

These reminiscences of a by-gone period in the town's history may seem to your younger members overdrawn, but I have tried hard to keep within exact limits, and to describe things just as I saw and remember them. And it must not be forgotten that the same conditions that prevailed in Medford prevailed also in a greater or lesser degree in every other village in the Commonwealth. They all stood upon the same footing, and Medford was behind none of them. Her progress, like that of all other towns, has been that of gradual evolution. All the lacks that have been considered were not lacks nor necessities at the time. When the demand came for advancement

in any direction it was promptly met, and today there is not a public or private necessity or luxury known in any part of the country but is enjoyed to the full by the people of Medford.

We today imagine that we have got about as far ahead in the way of invention and civilization as we ever shall, but it is not impossible that twenty-five years hence we shall sit in our homes and ask, with a pitying smile at the remembrance, "Do you remember when we used to light our homes with gas, and used to talk over a telephone with a wire attachment?" I don't know of anything which shows more vividly the swiftness of the world's progress than a comparison of the Medford of fifty years ago and the Medford of today; the quiet, restful suburban village with its old houses and simple ways, and the pushing, rapidly growing young city, which has only now just begun to feel its strength.

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**ACTION OF BOARD OF SELECTMEN ON  
GOVERNOR BROOKS'S PORTRAIT.**

*To the Selectmen of the Town of Medford:—*

We respectfully request you to remove the portrait of Governor Brooks, which now hangs in the Town Hall, to the new Library.

(Signed) MRS. DUDLEY HALL,  
H. H. BRADLEE,  
DUDLEY C. HALL,  
GEORGE D. HALL,  
HORACE D. HALL.

*Voted*, the portrait of Governor Brooks be removed to the Public Library. Selectmen's Records, B. 9, p. 74. July 7, 1875. [See Vol. X, page 104.]

**A RECENTLY DISCOVERED LETTER WRITTEN BY  
COLONEL ISAAC ROYALL IN 1779.**

**T**HE Society is indebted to Mr. George Y. Wellington, President of the Arlington Historical Society, for the accompanying copy of a letter by Col. Isaac Royall of Medford, written from Kensington, England, in 1779, to his old friend and tutor, Rev. Samuel Cooke, minister of the Second Parish in Cambridge, located at Monotomy (now Arlington, Mass.) The original of this letter was given by Miss Anna Bradshaw, granddaughter of Samuel Cooke, to Mrs. M. W. Hodgdon, and is now in the possession of her daughter, Miss Ellen W. Hodgdon. The original letter is beautifully written in a very fine and small hand, covering three pages of letter-sheet  $9\frac{1}{2}$  x 15 inches; it is well preserved in a transparent silk cover and is kept in a safe in the State House, Boston.

KENSINGTON May 29: 1779

DEAR SIR

Our long acquaintance and the Friendship you profess'd and shew for me and my Children and Family induc'd me to write you soon after my arrival in England as I thought it would give you pleasure to hear from me I therein gave you a particular account of our voyage which Letter I hope you receiv'd at the same time I wrote my Worthy Friend M<sup>r</sup> Turill but as I have not had the pleasure of hearing from either of you in return makes me fearful they did not get to Hand and meeting the other Day with Capt. Malachi Salter who is Uncle to M<sup>r</sup> Willis Hall's Wife and who told me he was bound to Halifax and from thence home to Boston and if I had any Letters to send to my Friends would be glad to oblige me and would take particular care of them so that I thought this would be a good opportunity of sending you a Letter by him who will be able to tell you my state

NOTE. Isaac Royall was born in Antigua in 1719, and died in England of small-pox in 1781. See Vol. III, p. 133.

of Health and situation and can give you an account of my Dear Motherless Grand Children who he has seen and for whose Mother you always express'd so great an esteem and regard and Mary the second Daughter looks very much like her tho they are all very healthy fine promising Children as you would wish to see in a Thousand my Heart I confess is too much bound up in them tho I think they at present bid fair to deserve every esteem and regard I can possibly express for them by their sweetness of Temper and good Behavior that if you was to see them you would think so too but of this Capt. Salter can tell you more than I have time to write. In my former Letter I acquainted you that at the commencement of these troubles my Business call'd me to the West Indies to settle my affairs there and to look after that little Estate I had there and if I could to sell it and accordingly I bespoke my passage for myself and my nephew Doct. Charles Russell who offer'd to accompany me and to do some Business for his Mother in Law my Sister Vassall on board Capt. Mackay a Vessell belonging to Mr. Bileston I pack'd up my Sea Stores and Cloaths for the passage and came to Boston after attending the Public Worship on the Lord's Day Evening before the Battle of Lexington to take leave of my Children and Friends intending to have gone from thence to Salem to embark for Antiguas but unfortunately staid at Boston Two or Three Days and din'd with The Hon<sup>ble</sup> Capt. Erving the very Day the Battle happen'd after which it was impossible to get out of Town for Gen<sup>l</sup> Gage had issued Orders to prevent any one coming in or going out upon which I thought it most prudent as my affairs call'd me to the West Indies and a good opportunity offering I went to Halifax expecting there to meet with a Vessell bound to Antigua but was disappointed I remain'd in Nova Scotia upwards of a Year the greatest part of the time in the Township of Windsor without meeting with a favorable opportunity till then for Antigua as the Small Pox being in Halifax prevented my going into that Town

to get a passage and my Son in Law Mr. Erving and my Daughter to my very great surprise came down to Halifax in the Fleet after the Troops evacuated Boston before I ever heard of it they over perswaded me to give over my Voyage to Antigua and to accompany them to England as I did not know whether I should ever live to see my Grand Children again if I did not and therefore complied with their earnest solicitations and accordingly took passage with them in Capt. Hall and arriv'd after a very short and pleasant passage of One and Twenty Days and had the pleasure to find my Son in Law Sir William and his Family very well we all liv'd together for about a Fortnight and then Sir William's little Boy about Thirteen Months old was taken ill and he remov'd to Kensington where we tarried about a Month and then remov'd to Brighthelmstone for the benefit of the Childs bathing in the Sea Water where I had my Health very well for the first Six Weeks or Two Months after which I was taken very ill of a slow Nervous Fever which disorder continued the best part of the Winter following and I have never had my Health since from that time to this and that Sickness prevented my going to the West Indies wholly so that I have never been able to go there since as I wrote you my intention was to go there to settle my affairs and to sell my Estate if I could and then to return Home to Medford as soon as possible but Providence has seen fit not to permit these things and therefore I must make myself as easy as I can tho I was oblig'd to let the Lease run out which had got Two Years from next August before it expires. I little thought the last time I saw you that I should see England as I design'd for Antigua it was a thing foreign to my thoughts and quite unexpected to me as I never had the Small Pox upon that account did not think I should ever see England I have hitherto escap'd the Small Pox but have been pretty much confin'd and never ventur'd to London without going in a close Conveyance and then tho I have seen them in the Streets yet have been in a Coach



I mention this to let you see how much a Slave I have been for fear of that Distemper so that I have been to no Public Diversions but to see One Play and Two Oratorios but that I don't so much regret if my Health was but in any degree restor'd I intended to have been Inoculated but my Sickness render'd it improper and which has been the case ever since. This is a Country where Gaiety and Dissipation are too apt to get the pre-eminence tho I have seen but few diversions and little Gaiety myself for neither my time of Life or Purse will admit of it and I thank God my inclinations do not now lead to it however they might have done some years past. I have not seen Lord North or any of the Ministry nor have I been in company with any of the Nobility nor have I been able to go either to the House of Lords or Commons to hear the Debates since I have been in England except Lord Edgcumb who I saw once or twice at my Son in Law Sir William Pepperells and once about a year ago had the pleasure of dining at a Friends House at Brighthelmstone with the Duke of Manchester who seems to be a very sensible and agreeable gentleman. I have shewn Capt. Salter Copies of Two Letters I wrote Lord Dartmouth at the commencement of these troubles with an intent to convince him I did every thing in my power to prevent their taking place and to clear up the misrepresentations that might have been made to his Lordship concerning our Province I sent them enclos'd to my Friend and Correspondent Joseph Paice Esqr to deliver them with his own Hands which he has since inform'd me he did but they had not the desir'd effect Mr William Winter copied these Letters fair for me and if he is living can doubtless remember a good part of the contents of them and I think I shew them to Charles Pelham Esq' before I sent them. Upon my first arrival in England I thought it my Duty to wait upon Lord Dartmouth and accordingly did and likewise upon Lord North and Lord Germaine but had not the honor of seeing them as the Servant said they were gone out of Town

and after I so far recover'd my Sickness as to be able to come to London I waited upon them again but was answer'd they were engag'd so that I never attempted to go afterwards and I have not seen any of the Ministry since as I mention'd before. I waited also upon Gov<sup>r</sup> Pownall who I had the pleasure of having a long Conversation with and he ask'd very kindly after a great number of his Friends and acquaintances in particular after M<sup>r</sup> Bowdoin and M<sup>r</sup> Pitts and express'd a great regard for them both and for the Province in general as being a very fine Country and a good sort of People and was very sorry for the difficulties that have happen'd and said had his advice been seasonably taken it is likely it would have prevented all these troubles. Gov<sup>r</sup> B—— and Gov<sup>r</sup> H—— came to see me soon after my arrival and I return'd their visit and soon after Gov<sup>r</sup> H. was so complaisant as to invite me to dine with him but I did not go so our acquaintance soon broke off. Lieu<sup>t</sup> Gov<sup>r</sup> Oliver has lost his Wife she died about Two Months ago and he is remov'd with his Family to Bristol as is M<sup>rs</sup> Boarland and Family and M<sup>r</sup> Lechmere and Family and a good many more of our Country People M<sup>r</sup> Simpson talks of going in a few Days to live there so that I shall be left alone from all my American acquaintance except M<sup>r</sup> Flucer who is but a little distance from me I never was at Bristol but they say it is a pleasant place and that they can live a third cheaper there than they could here I have thoughts of going there soon in about a Fortnights time to drink the Hott Well Waters which the Docters tell me is good for the Disorder I complain of upon my Liver that I have been for some years afflicted with tho I thank God I am much better than I have been for this Twelvemonth past and am in hopes this Journey to Bath and Bristol Hott Wells will recover me entirely. Some time past I receiv'd a Letter from my Attorney D<sup>r</sup> Simon Tufts at Medford dated October 22 wherein he says that the Committee of Medford for the last year voted my Estate out of his

Hands as they said I was an Absentee and forbad him having any thing further to do with it whereupon he applied to the General Court by Petition but could not get it revers'd tho it past by no great Majority an answer to which I have wrote Doct. Tufts and desir'd him and M<sup>r</sup> Hall to apply to M<sup>r</sup> Dana or some other good Lawyer to draft up for him and M<sup>r</sup> Hall to sign a suitable Petition or Memorial in my name and behalf and as my Attornies to the General Assembly setting forth the services I have formerly done the Province in my Legislative Capacity the true cause of my leaving the Province at the commencement of the War and the perfectly inoffensive conduct I have observ'd since and that I have not only shewn my compassion for the poor American Prisoners but my regard to my Country by giving last year to M<sup>r</sup> Boddington The Treasurer of the Society for that purpose Six Guineas towards their relief and I wish it had been in my power to have given Ten times as much and that I have occasionally assisted my Countrymen here who ask'd assistance of me by giving some a Guinea and some Two Guineas as their necessities requir'd and I could spare the Money and pray that the Act so far as relates to me may be repeal'd and that they as my Attornies may be permitted to take Possession of the Charge I have by my Power committed into their Hands and the Rents and Issues of my Estate be appropriated to my use and further that I have no doubt on such a representation of my true Character and such a Prayer that Relief will be obtain'd and that they must also mention in the Memorial that it is my purpose and intention as soon as my Health will permit to return and reside in America I should have return'd with M<sup>r</sup> Brattle when he went and even now with M<sup>r</sup> Salter by this opportunity but my Health will not admit of it and besides I have lately been inform'd that [break in MS.] Act past in the General Court or Assemby that any Person who has left the Massachusetts without leave and come to Great Britain who shall presume to return without leave

from the Assembly to any part of the Massachusetts shall be sent back to the Kings Troops if they are able at their own expense if not to be paid by the Public and if ever they return again they are to be deem'd to forfeit their lives and to suffer Death without benefit of Clergy this I can hardly believe for I have never seen the Act tho I have made strict enquiry after it but have not been able to obtain it and what is very surprising I am inform'd my Name is mention'd in the Act likewise which I can scarcely believe as I had done every thing in my power to serve the Province but Business and my ill state of Health made me leave it. Now I request the favor of you as you are acquainted with the Gentlemen of the General Court and the Council that you would speak to them in my behalf and use your influence that my Attornies may improve my Estate for my use and that I may have leave to return home as you knew my conduct and character while I was concern'd in Public affairs and that I ever was a true Friend to the Province and I shall think it both my Duty and advantage as soon as I have leave to return home and get a good Wife as I have had an exceedingly good Wife already I hope I shall in some measure make up my loss (for I think it now my Duty to marry as I have had the misfortune of losing my beloved Daughter Lady Pepperrell) by getting another in my own Country and among my acquaintance and live and end my Days among you and be buried with my dear Wife and Father and Mother and the rest of my dear Friends hoping I shall hear from you soon I shall conclude with wishing you the continuance of your Health and every other Blessing and remain with my Respects to your Family and to your Brother M<sup>r</sup> Hastings and his Wife and to all our Cambridge Friends

Dear Sir

Your

Friend and h<sup>b</sup>le Serv<sup>t</sup>

P.S. I have taken this opportunity by Capt. Salter to send you a pair of the best Temple Spectacles with Silver Bows in a case with the Initials of your Name upon it which I beg your acceptance of as a token of my Respect and hope they will suit your Eyes. I have likewise sent you my own Picture fram'd in Profile and enclos'd the Picture of a surprising Musical Child the admiration of the whole Kingdom and a thing that perhaps mayn't happen again in a Century M<sup>r</sup> Salter saw it with me and will be able to give you a more particular account of it

The above went by Capt. M. Salter but for fear you should not get it I send this copy by M<sup>r</sup> Oliver Smith who will be able to inform you of my health &c and am with respects to yourself and Family and all Cambridge Friends

Dear Sir

Your

Friend & h<sup>b</sup>le Serv<sup>t</sup>

[Signed] I. ROYALL

The Rev<sup>d</sup>

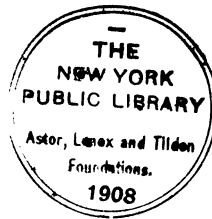
M<sup>r</sup> Cooke

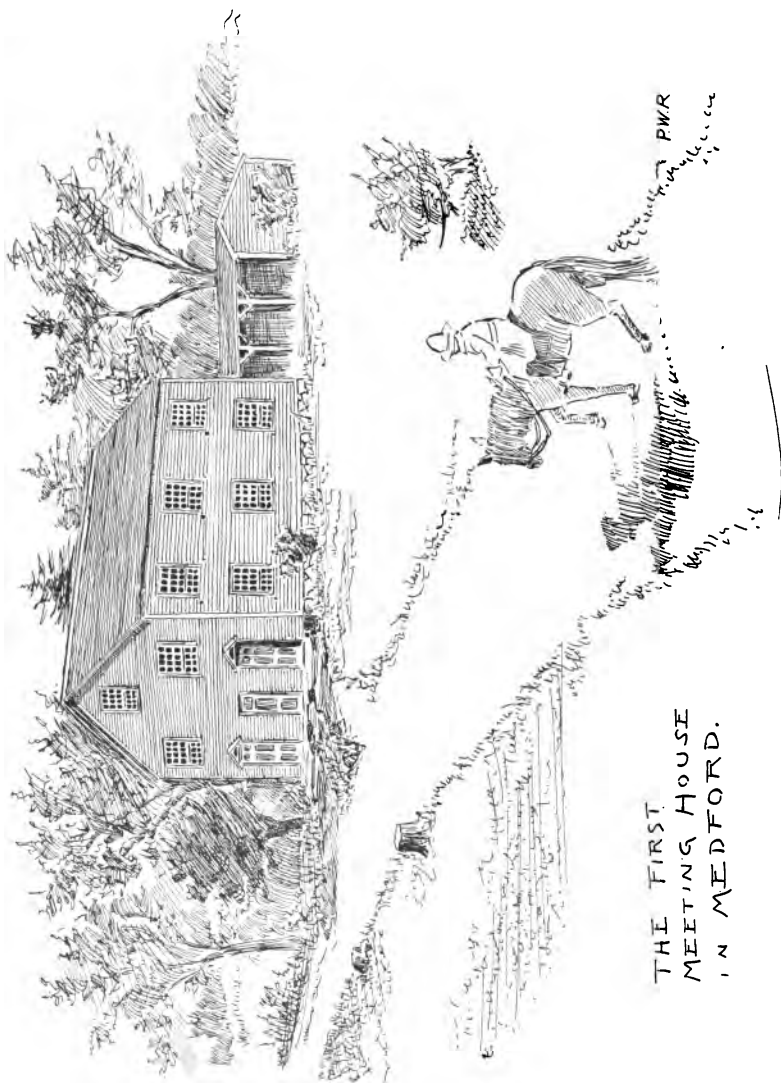
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**FORTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF SUNDAY RELIGIOUS  
SERVICES IN WEST MEDFORD.**

December 1st, 1907, was the fortieth anniversary of the first public Sunday religious services in West Medford. These services were held in Mystic Hall under the auspices of the West Medford Christian Union.

A Sunday-school, first held in a private house, was regularly organized May 28, 1865, in Mystic Hall, and held its sessions there Sunday afternoons.





THE FIRST  
MEETING HOUSE  
IN MEDFORD.

# Medford History

APPENDIX

## THE MEDFORD CHURCH

BY JESSE W. MANNING

of the Medford Library

of the hand. And ten years after the settlement of the town in the eastern border of the county, the first church in our city that is known as West Medford was founded. Our fathers, who were mostly of the English and Scotch-Irish stock, have been accustomed to the narrative that the town was a half-century old, and being marked as such, that the story of the church is a story that was founded in the town. It is a story, yes, *peculiar*, that the house of the church, where the worship was erected in Medford, was five years, when we recall that in other places the church "gathered" when the town was planted. Perhaps it is logical to do the *planting* first and the *gathering* second. Such was the case in 1622 on our northern border in the settlement of Woburn. One of his church's records the fact that it was "not unusual for a New England man to live without an able hand to work his iron without a fire." It is not hard to see, however, that because for sixty-five years there was no church-house in Medford that there was no worship any more than we may think that no town government existed because of the same reason. The dwelling of some freeholder, or perhaps his barn, or the tavern, accommodated the town meeting, and at various times the ministers preached the word of God in the same places. The death of Mr. Cradock, and the subsequent closing of his business interests, must have had a discouraging effect on the Mistick plantation, called Meadford, and the





THE FIRST  
MILKING HOUSE  
IN MEDFORD.

PAID BY P.W.R.  
1891

# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XI.

APRIL, 1908.

No. 2.

## YE OLDE METING-HOUSE OF MEADFORD.

BY MOSES W. MANN, WEST MEDFORD.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, May 5, 1906.]

TWO hundred and ten years ago there was erected in the eastern border of that thriving portion of our fair city that is known as West Medford an humble building our fathers called "there meting-house."

As far as is known not much has been written in the way of narrative about it (at least for a half century), yet its building marked an era in the history of our "peculiar" (town), that was founded in 1630. It may seem singular, yes, *peculiar*, that no house for the purpose of public worship was erected in Medford for sixty-five years, when we recall that in other places the church was "gathered" when the town was planted. Perhaps it was logical to do the *planting* first and the *gathering* afterward. Such was the case in 1642 on our northern border in the settlement of Woburn. One of its founders records the fact that it was "unnatural for a right N. E. man to live without an able ministry as for a smith to work his iron without a fire." We may not believe, however, that because for sixty-five years there was no meeting-house in Medford that there was no worship, any more than we may think that no town government existed because of the same reason. The dwelling of some freeholder, or perhaps his barn, or the tavern, accommodated the town meeting, and at various times the ministers preached the word of God in the same places.

The death of Mr. Cradock, and the subsequent closing of his business interests, must have had a discouraging effect on the Mistick plantation, called Meadford, and for

many years it was a "scattered village," having only a few over thirty tax payers on real estate when the first steps were taken toward erecting a meeting-house.

It may be appropriate here to note that the structure was just what its name implied—a house for the town's people to meet in, not only for worship, but for the transaction of the town's business, which was done with a strict attention to the minutest details.

Of the tax payers above mentioned but a part were church members. The term church was used by the fathers to designate the associated body of worshippers, and not the house they assembled in. Few roads there were in 1690, for few were needed. From Charlestown, through Mistick, or Meadford, came Robert Sedgwick, Edward Johnson, and four others through the "farm" of Zachariah Symmes, the minister of the Charlestown Church, to explore the territory to the north, located as Charlestown Village. The way they took was over the rocky hill, where had dwelt the Indian king Nanepashemit, and their route came to be known as the "Oborn rode."

At the top of the hill another road divides from this, "the way to the Weare." It is appropriately called *High* street, and the hill is still known as "Marm Simonds'."

The order of the General Court in 1635 "that hereafter no dwelling-house shall be built above half a mile from the meeting-house in any plantation without leave from the court," was of none effect in Meadford. There was no meeting-house to measure from, and Meadford's dwellings were scattered from Charlestown to Menotomy, along a road little better than a cow-path, and whose course through the forest was marked by blazing the trees at intervals on either side.

It is the purpose of the writer to present in these lines some memorial of the house our fathers assembled in, and if possible bring to the thought and comprehension of the people of the present day something of their efforts in that time that seems so far away to us. The town, by

vote (observe, it was the town), decided that there should be a meeting-house erected. Doubtless it had been the theme of conversation around every fireside along the Mystic and on the outlying ways for months before, only intensified by the town warrant giving fifteen days' notice of the meeting. We may well imagine that the project was thoroughly discussed, and the record is, "there shall be a meting-houfe at or before May ninetie four and is to be finished by the first of October following (or sooner if it can be) on the land of M<sup>r</sup> — Willis near the gate by marble brook on a rock on — north side of Oborn Rode."

This was on January 17, 1693. Having thus decided to build, the next important thing was to appoint a committee to do so, the choice falling upon Peter Tufts, Caleb Brooks and Thomas Willis, who represented the extreme ends as well as the center of the town.

Whether the distance at which he lived made the duty onerous, or whatever his reason, Le<sup>t</sup> Peter Tufts "refusing to serve" (says the record) made an addition to the committee necessary. So on April 3, 1693, John Hall, Sen<sup>r</sup>, and Jonathan Tufts were added, and these four were to be "A Comitte for y<sup>e</sup> [work] aforesaid and they have full power [to] act therin as is more fully expresed in the vote as above said. Attest: Stephen Willis, Clerck."

Referring to the former vote, we find that provision was made for such as should provide "material or work about said meeting" — "at the discretion of the Comitte." They were to stake out the land promised by Thomas Willis, "and gett a deed of said land according to law for the use aforesaid in behalfe of the towne." Lastly (and by no means least in importance) it was voted "that y<sup>e</sup> said house shall be seven and twenty foot long, twenty four foot wide and fifteen foot between joynts."

How the town expected the work to be done without an appropriation of money does not appear, but none was at that time made.

The "Comitte" must have had a serious problem to

solve during the two years that ensued. During that time the town generously offered to Mr. Simon Bradstreet the sum of forty pounds in money for annuity, with his housing and firewood, as an encouragement to settle in Medford, and chose a committee "to reseat with Mr. Colman," who had for a time preached here. Possibly the call to Mr. Bradstreet may have expedited matters, and on September 13, 1695, another town meeting was held, when sixteen and one-half pounds were *subscribed* by eighteen persons. It is improbable that the subscription list was then closed; but the town at the same time made provision "that what moneys shall be wanting beyond what is subscribed shall be paid in the way of Rate." Also the "rate of 12*d.* per head and 1*d.* in the pound for estates." In order that none might escape bearing their part, it was ordered that "those that *refuse* to subscribe shall pay their full proportion," the same rate to apply.

At the same time the subscriptions were called in, to be paid at or before the 25th of December following. In view of the fact that time would be required for preparation as well as building, it was provided that one-half of the rate or tax should be paid by the time the meeting-house was "covered and inclosed," and the other half at its completion.

The next ten days must have been busy ones for the committee, and the problems of future needs and of furnishing anxiously and earnestly discussed, as well as consultations held with workmen.

On September 23 the town assembled again, and this time voted "to give unto Thomas Willis John Whitmore John Bradshoe and Stephen Willis, Sixty Pounds, Currant money of N. E." for building a meeting-house 30 ft. long, 27 ft. wide, and 16 ft. between the joints.

It will be noticed that here is an increase of three feet in length, three in width, and one in height from the original design. It was also specified the roof should be shingled, and the walls clapboarded and bricked.

The rest of the specification was "Dors & windows & Glaſs to lay a lower flore all which work is to be done at or before the last of May next ensueing."

The vote of the town also specified that there should be a "couenant drawne" by Lef<sup>t</sup> Peter Tufts, Infi. Francis and Stephen Willis, wherein the said Thomas Willis, John Whitmore, John Bradshoe and Stephen Willis "doe couenant & Ingage" in the building of a meeting-house according to the "time and Menes abouesaid."

In the second part "the Inhabitants doe couenant & Ingage for the payment of the money for said work or in meaterials for said work as aboue to give unto Thomas Willis, John Whitmore, John Bradshoe & Stephen Willis, sixty pounds" for building the meeting-house.

Incorporated into this contract was a clause providing that any of the inhabitants shall have the liberty of paying their part in work or materials, in case they can agree with the workmen, or can hire or buy for money.

In comment, the writer would consider this proviso as evidence of the informal existence of a sort of Medford Home Market Club.

The four builders were to "bear their part in the building according to the ruls," and in case any (not inhabitants) should give anything for the house, "the workmen shall give an account of the same to the town." No chance for any boodle or graft in this. It will be noticed that this covenant or contract was by a different committee, in the town's behalf, than the one before named, and that Lef<sup>t</sup> Peter Tufts evidently no longer refused to serve, but appears to be the chairman. We may suppose that with the meeting-house to be completed the following May the builders soon got at the work.

A few observations at this point may not be inappropriate. Medford had then no building ordinance, so the builders were at no trouble or loss of time in securing a permit to build, or ascertain the grade or street line from the city engineer. No questions of drainage bothered them, and the foundation ("the rock near marble brook")

would be perfectly satisfactory to the building inspector of today. We would have had no fire stops to insist on, as there was no chimney, and the frame was not the "balloon construction" of later times. Its timbers probably grew on Medford stumps, most likely of oak of goodly size, and hauled to the site by teams of oxen. Then the axemen put in their work, squaring the logs, hewing to a line with mathematical precision, and making the chips fly merrily. Next the framers had a hand in the work, making great mortises, gains and tenons. Splices there were no need of, and probably there were none, as no timber was over thirty feet in length.

The tools they used were clumsy and uncouth compared with those of mechanics of today, but the men knew how to handle them, and accomplished their work. Those were days when buildings sprang not up in a night like the gourd of Jonah. Not only the timber of the frame, but the boards that "covered and inclosed it," were made from the logs at the building's site, and in this we may find a reason for the "liberty" the inhabitants had in the matter of "materials," and also of the "time and menes."

The "currant mony of N. E." was not so plenty or so current as that of today, and doubtless some men whose names do not appear in that first subscription list had trees growing on their farms that made good timber or boards, shingles or clapboards, laths or "lower flore." Some other Medford men could handle the whip-saw, and they had their opportunity. Somewhere on the slope of the hill was made a saw-pit of stone and timber, and on this the great pine logs and smaller oak timbers were placed one at a time. One man above on the log and another below in the pit worked the saw up and down, down and up, till board after board and the smaller joists of oak were made in sufficient quantities. Great boulders that any Medford farmer was glad to have out of his pasture formed the foundation walls. No cellar was needed, for their was no furnace or steam heater,

and so no need of space for fuel storage. The floor beams were only hewed on one side, instead of all four, and laid flush in great open pockets cut in the sills, and also supported by other boulders, so that when the solid men (and women) of Medford assembled thereon, they felt secure. A floor of boards laid upon these, and all was ready for the eventful day of the raising. The great timbers, ten or twelve inches square if of pine and eight if of oak, had all been fitted tenon in mortise and securely pinned together, and lay upon the floor in four sections, ready to be raised to a perpendicular position, a whole broadside at once, and all the town came to do it, or see it done. We have been unable to find any account of *this* "raising," though at that of the third meeting-house it was said "*there was no one hurt.*" Does this intimate that at the earlier ones some accident occurred? We may trust not, though such had been the case elsewhere when it was thought necessary to provide a liberal allowance of rum, lemons, cider and sugar "to make the tackle work smoothly."

When in position the frame was "inclosed" by the carpenters with boards placed horizontally and with edges bevelled to overlap and shed the driving rain. The roof timbers were "covered" with boards extending from eaves to ridge-pole, which was hewed on two sides to fit the angle of the roof. Meanwhile other workmen had been busy on the farms of Medford. The great pine trees that years before had been felled and had escaped the burning, whose stately trunks were free of knots, and from which the outer sapwood had decayed, were cut into shorter pieces. These split into thin sections, piled up to season, and afterward shaven smooth with a draw-knife, formed the clapboards and shingles with which the walls and roof were finished. The former were the longer, thinner at the upper *edge*, and overlapping each other horizontally and at the ends by a bevelled joint, made a wind- and weather-proof covering.

The shingles were the shorter, and were thinnest at



the upper end, and their manufacture has in the last few decades become a lost art for which the *reliable* builders of the present day sigh in vain.

While the frame was fastened with wooden pins, the boards, clapboards and shingles were secured with nails, and here was another example of co-operative industry and a home market. All the nails were hand made and in many cases home made, even the children assisting in beating out on a little anvil each single nail from an iron rod of suitable size. Every nail was placed where it would do the most service, and none wasted.

Next in order in the "couenant" was "the walls [to be] bricked." Clay was abundant in Medford, and bricks but lightly burned were packed into the spaces between the joists and timbers of the framework, being laid in clay instead of mortar of lime and sand. Such construction may be found in the oldest houses of Medford, and adds much to their warmth and protection against the spread of fire.

The "Couenant" called for "Dors & windows & Glaſs," and "to lay a lower flore." This required more skilled workmen—they were the joiners, who made the window-frames and sashes. Of "Dors" there must have been at least two, and probably both in the external wall, with some attempt at ornament in their finish and make-up, while the "flore" was made of pine from the primeval forest, and well seasoned, as it had need to be, for the boards were wide, as were those that sealed the sides of the room up to the window-sills.

The town, on the 4th of November, 1695, voted to have a pulpit and deacons' seat made, as well as "the body of seats," and have the walls "plaistered with lime," thus increasing the outlay to eighty pounds. It was tedious work *sawing* the great logs into lumber, so the laths were split in narrow and thin strips varying in width and thickness, and nailed on the joists, concealing the bricks already laid. Lime was made by burning oyster shells, and hair to mix with it may have come from

the tannery at Whitmore brook, while a plenty of sand was also to be had near by. Only the walls were thus coated, but doubtless the mud-wasps did their share among the roof timbers and king-posts, which, with the beams, were left exposed to view.

The "body of seats" were a series of long wooden benches without any backs, which occupied the central portion of the "flore" and were movable.

The pulpit was elevated several feet, requiring a stairway to enter it upon the left-hand side, and was not complete without a sounding-board suspended above it, while the deacons' seat was in front of the stairs and facing the "body of seats."

We may well imagine that the good people of Meadford assembled in their new meeting-house with gladness and a commendable pride at its completion in 1696, but there was probably no service of dedication, as we term it today. On May 25, 1696, the town directed the selectmen to get a sufficient title to the land on which it had been built, and on March 6, 1699, the deed was voted to be placed in the keeping of Major Nathaniel Wade, and a copy made in the town record book by the town clerk.

On the former occasion a very important committee was chosen, whose duty it was to "place the inhabitants in said meeting-house." This committee was Lef<sup>t</sup>. Peter Tufts, John Hall, Sen<sup>r</sup>., Caleb Brooks, Infi. Stephen Francis and Stephen Willis. The duties of no modern mayor or alderman could compare with those of this committee. First, they were themselves seated by the selectmen, for so the sovereign people in town meeting assembled had ordained. Then the trouble began. Age, wealth, generosity in contribution, and social distinction or "quality," were the factors that entered into the problem the committee had to solve, and how much jealousy and heart burnings, ill-concealed ofttimes, family quarrels and the like were thus engendered! From their decision there was no appeal, and where the committee placed one, he or she had to sit for the year. Theirs must have been a difficult labor, a thankless task.

When first completed, the only special seats of prominence in the meeting-house were the deacons' seat and "the little pue under the pulpit." The latter was in full view of the congregation, but neither its occupant or the preacher were in sight of each other. Early the next year (1697) the town voted to build a "seatt" forward on each side the house, the front of said seats to be "borded and battened . . . the front of the foreseatt and the seat on the women's side, to be built from the pue to the place left for stairs into a gallery; and the seat to be made on the men's side to reach from the deacons' seat or shorter, which is left to the discretion of the selectmen" and seating committee.

Here we have an insight at the interior arrangement and plan of the ancient structure. "The pue" was what was later termed "the little pue under the pulpit." The latter was at the middle of the end farthest from the "Oborn rode," the present High street. The foreseat joined the pulpit and little pew, and extended to the right and was a step higher than the main or "lower flore." Then extending along the easterly side wall to within six or eight feet of the front corner was a platform one step high, whose front was "borded & battened." This construction was less expensive than panel work, and formed a screen before the women's seats, as does that in the present Unitarian and West Medford Congregational Churches. This was on the women's side of the meeting-house. On the opposite, or men's side, a similar "seatt" was built, only there was no foreseat, the space being occupied by the pulpit stairs and deacons' seat.

In 1699 (March 6) the town voted to build a fore-gallery, with three seats from end to end (one-half for men and one-half for women) with stairs at either end. Stephen Francis, John Whitmore and John Bradshaw attended to its construction.

At this town meeting the question of "charges" the seating committee had to struggle with is in evidence. Thomas Willis had given the land, and it was fitting

that his generosity should have recognition. So he was given "leave to build a pue for himselfe & soe many of his family as may with Convenyance fit therein . . . the pue to be built at the west corner . . . one side of it to Joyne to the stairs going up into the pulpitt & the other side of said pue to Range with the deacons' seat."

As "charges" were thus recognized on one side the pulpit, so was "quality" on the other, for here was seated the widow of the wealthiest citizen (Major Jonathan Wade), and according to custom styled "Madam Wade." How long it took to build the fore-gallery we may not know, but it had not been long in use when the town voted, on January 31, 1700, "that only *men* should sit in the front gallery."

It seems that Major Nathaniel Wade had been granted the privilege of building a pew at the south side of the meeting-house, which would remove the two back seats on the women's side; but he was to have it finished by the middle of the May following.

It is open to doubt whether the seat on the men's side, next the wall, was constructed in the same manner as the women's seat, as at this same town meeting it was directed that the seat where "Mr Hall and Mr Wyre sits" should be built up the same as where the "woman sits." That wasn't all, either. The two back seats were to be taken out and the women were to be seated at each side, at the discretion of the "committee to seat the town." This committee might seat the *town*, but seating the *women* was another matter, as we shall see later.

The women were fond of ornament, even two hundred years ago, and the town had, in constructing *their* front seat, had a row of nicely turned "banesturs" placed along the top of the "bored & battened" front, forming a grille or screen of pretty effect.

Now the men had their innings, and it was voted the seat on the men's side should be built up the same as that on the women's, and be finished or ornamented likewise with "banesturs," and the town foot the bill.

Well, the men might have their seats raised and their ornamental *banesturs* if they liked, *but* for the women to come down from their seats in the *fore-gallery* was too much to be endured in silence.

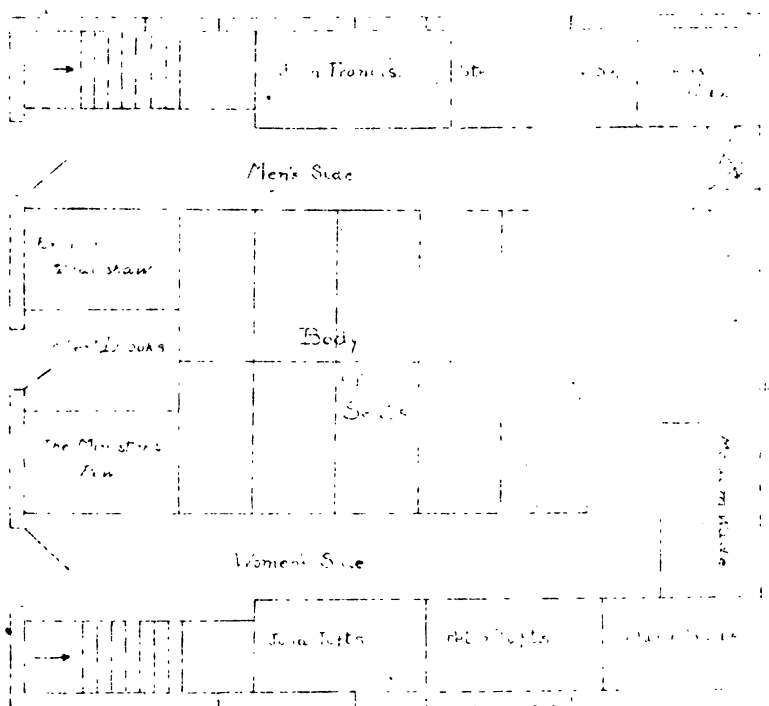
The echoes of the indignant protest that the men of Medford town heard in February come down to us in the vote of March 3, 1700, "to part the front gallery in the midst, the one halfe for men, and the other halfe for women *notwithstanding* any former vote to the *Conterary*." This momentous question settled, the pew of Major Wade claimed attention. After making void a former vote, the major was granted "liberty to build a pue at the northeast corner of the house taking a part of the pue that" (his brother's widow) "Madam Wade sits in, soe much of it as shall range with the alley and soe run through said pue on the one side and come out on the other side pue so far as to take in halfe of the window, said pue to be built the same hight with the former pue adjoining." This was on March 3, and conditioned on being finished by the middle of the next May. The major being provided for, Left. Peter Tufts was next in order. He was to have "liberty" to build a pew that took one-half the room between Major Wade's and a point one foot and a half from the window under the stairs into the gallery on the women's side. Then Thomas Willis was given liberty to enlarge his pew so far as the window, and the same height as before.

Notice these extracts from the town records contain often the word *liberty*. It is somewhat ominous and prophetic of the day that came seventy-five years later, when Capt. Hall and the Medford Minute Men marched up High street to Lexington.

Another thing; the preciseness of the record and the detail of description furnish the data from which we are able to furnish a plan of "ye Olde Metinghouse." The Rev. Charles Brooks, in the History of Medford (1855), gives (I think) a mistaken impression of it, both as to its size and appearance.



INTERIOR OF MEDICAL BUILDING

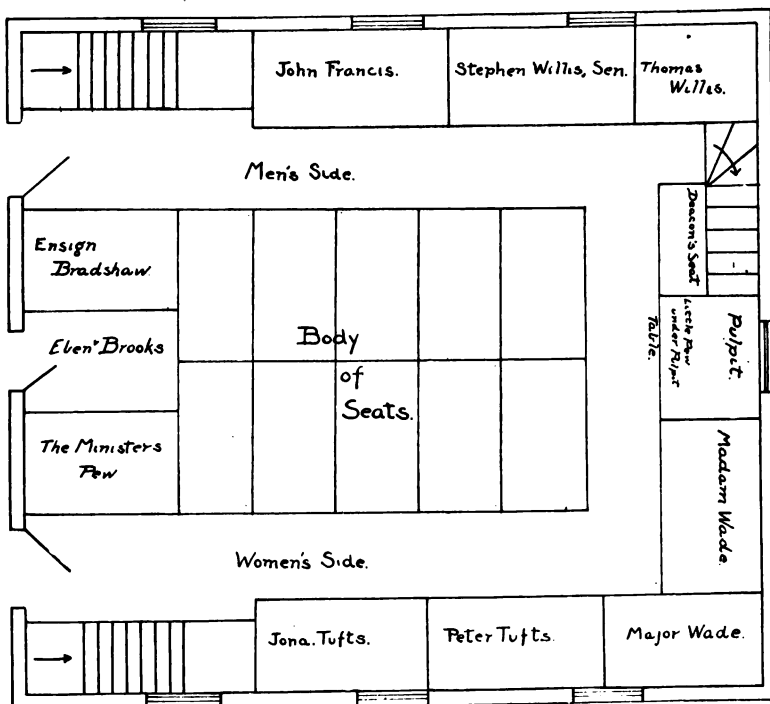


Plan of First Medical Building, 1896

[illegible]



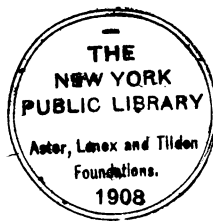
INTERIOR OF MEETING-HOUSE.



Plan of First Medford Meetinghouse 1696

Scale 4'-1"





Accustomed to the drawing and use of plans as has been the writer, it seems fitting to present a plan of this ancient edifice that will agree with the ancient record book of the town. Right here it is also fitting that acknowledgment of the valuable assistance of Mr. John H. Hooper should be made, and without which the task would have been much more difficult to accomplish.

The placing of certain families in these various pews seems not to have lessened the duties of the seating committee, for on May 19, 1701, Left. Peter Tufts and Deacon John Whitmore were "joyned" to it, and also "Sergt. Stephen Willis if his brother Thomas *should be out of the way.*" Whatever that may mean, it is evident that there was careful provision for a full quota, as the record reads, "all votes to the conterary notwithstanding."

Major Wade was evidently to have the chief seat in the synagogue, if we judge by the record, but he was dilatory in its construction, as at this time (a year after the grant) the same was confirmed, but limited a little, "onely not to goe farther then the first Barr in the window."

The next thing to demand the town's attention was "the two *hinde* seats between the doors." We must remember that the town meetings were held right there, and all details could be accurately observed on the spot. Ebenezer Brooks had been granted a pew space, but it was vacated by his accepting one elsewhere, and it was next planned to make of this area two pews for four families.

At the next yearly meeting the question of alterations seems not to have come up; but the town had a reckoning with Ensign John Bradshaw, and it was found that for labor performed and the minister's board, "*from the beginning of the world unto this day,*" there was due him (errors excepted) the sum of £16, 16s, 6d. We were a little in doubt last year as to the accuracy of the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary, but what of this long-standing account? This settled — and what a re-

lief it must have been!—and the town was ready next year, 1703, for a review of the pew business, and as Major Wade was still dilatory, he was directed to take his choice of two pews named within *one week*. This hastened the valiant major's movements, and he selected the one next the madam and in the corner near the pulpit, and Peter Tufts and Jonathan Tufts the other two. Stephen Willis and John Francis had those opposite on the west side.

It will be noticed that all the pews the town had allowed to be built were adjoining the walls, leaving the central portion for the "body of seats," with an alley from the door on either side and before the "little pue" and deacons' seat.

At this point it is well to consider the peculiar situation of affairs existing, for Medford was a *peculiar*.

Soon after the meeting-house was built Mr. Benjamin Woodbridge was invited to preach. As he lived in Charlestown, the town provided a horse for him to ride to and fro (coming on Saturday and returning on Monday), and paying two shillings therefor, if well shod. The reverend gentleman had been ordained to the ministry in Connecticut twenty-eight years before, and was somewhat over fifty years of age. The town, careful of his comfort, in the bargain about the horse, arranged that he might ride to meeting on the Sabbath, when there should be occasion. It is hardly likely that he did so when he lodged with John Bradshaw, as *his* home was only across the way.

Notice just here again we said the town; there was no church or organized body of worshipers, though some effort was made by Mr. Woodbridge during his stay for such. He desired to reside in Medford, and wished the town to build him a house, which would have been larger (2 ft. wider and 8 ft. longer) than the meeting-house was. The town declined to do so, and he proceeded to have one built, but becoming involved in difficulty with the workmen, more troubles followed.

These at last were terminated, and the town began to

look about for another to succeed him. In May, 1712, their choice fell upon a young man of twenty-three years, Mr. Aaron Porter, who accepted the call and became the Reverend Mr. Porter by his ordination on February 11th next following. Notwithstanding a violent snow-storm on the preceding day, it is said that more people came than could get inside the meeting-house. The town made generous provision for their entertainment, appropriating eight pounds therefor, but somehow the expenses doubled, as at the March meeting the bill amounted to sixteen pounds. At the same meeting were presented the bills incurred at the fast-day occasion that preceded the call of Mr. Porter—one from Ebenezer Brooks for "neats toong & cheefe at ye fast 00-03-6," and one from "Capt. Peter for veall at ye fast, 00-06-3," and another from Mrs. Hall "for intertainment of ye ministers at ye fast, 01-02-00."

The meeting-house had been built for sixteen years, and some minor repairs were made. John Whitmore, Sen.'s, bill was "two days & halfe mending meeting-house fence 00-07-06," and "nail to mend ye meeting-house 00-01-00, two casements & caping them, 00-07-00 & two turned posts for ye meeting-house, 00-05-00." Three shillings per day would hardly satisfy the carpenters of the present time. The windows not only needed new sashes but glass, and twenty-nine shillings and six pence were required for this, and Ebenezer Nutting, who was the constable, put in his bill for 00-02-8 for stays and hooks for the windows. Stephen Hall's charge for work and *hooks* and hinges for the meeting-house, was 00-07-6. Stephen also furnished three shillings and four pence' worth of posts for the fence. From these items we may readily see that there was a sort of renovation made with the coming of the new minister. Unfortunately, we may never know the items that made up the sixteen pounds expense at Mr. Porter's ordination. If they had "veall, neats toong & cheefe" at the fast, we may be assured that on this occasion, the first of its kind in town, the best, both solid and liquid, was provided.

Earlier in the day the ministers and representatives of six churches in near-by towns assembled at John Bradshaw's house, and there the new church, the First Church of Christ, in Meadford, was organized, or, as it was termed, "gathered."

Fifteen men signed the covenant, but no women. Four bore the name of Hall, three that of Whitmore, three more of Willis, two of Brooks, and one each of Bradshaw, Francis and Pierce. After this was done the council adjourned to the meeting-house, where Mr. Porter was ordained, he preaching his own ordination sermon. The custom is different today, and so are many other circumstances and environments. It is recorded that in the winter of 1700 it was "so cold in the Medford meeting-house, that men struck their feet together, and children gathered around their mothers' foot stoves." Fancy that, ye people that growl at the sexton if the temperature of our modern churches, or perchance the ventilation, isn't just satisfactory!

That day they sang the one hundred and thirty-second Psalm, and it wasn't accompanied by any organ music, either. The old Bay Psalm Book was probably used. A few months later the minister had a wedding present of one, in "turkey leather," on which his uncle looked and set the tune, and a little later the town ordained "that such Person as shall Read the Psalme Shall Sit in the deacons Seat." This functionary read a line (perhaps two) and the people sang them, then more were read and sung, so the psalms and hymns were said to be "deaconed." Sometimes the deacon had a "pitch-pipe" to sound, thus assisting in getting the pitch or keynote. Organs were unknown in New England, as also hot-air and steam *heaters*, and over a century was yet to roll away ere a stove was installed in a Medford meeting-house. Our observation is that the taking of the Sabbath collection—offering, we call it now—is something of an art. How was it in "ye olde first meeting-house?" There seems not to have been any table there then, but there may later have been one.

A month after the ordination John Whitmore and John Bradshaw were chosen deacons. Evidently John Whitmore had successfully passed his examination of four years before, as the town had "voted to call John Whitmore to account by what order he held out the contribution box, and how he disposed of the money that was put therein." Possibly he had some depreciated currency or *tainted* money to contend with. Anyway, somebody put in some "black-dogs" on one occasion, and those had been known to be counterfeited. Church treasurers have some *queer* experiences.

For a year later the record reads, "John Whitmore Sen<sup>r</sup>. refusing to hold out the contribution box on the Sabbath as formerly, the town made choice of Thomas Willis Sen<sup>r</sup>. to receive the contribution money and account therein with Insigne Bradshoe."

With the settlement of a resident pastor there seems to have been a call for increased accommodations in the meeting-house, as on the 9th of May, 1713, a committee was "empowered to grant liberty to some young men they shall think *sutable*, to build a gallery over the *side* gallery on the west side of the meeting-house, and give them their orders and upon what terms they shall build sd. gallery, and order the stairs therefor."

As there had been, hitherto, no mention of any *side* gallery, the elevated platform that was "bored & battened" in front, and ornamented with "banesturs" was most likely meant. This view is borne out by the fact that the west was the men's side, and the proposed gallery was for *young* men who were "sutable," and rested upon the two turned posts that J. Whitmore made.

Furthermore, the same committee was directed "to consider what they think most proper to be done in their meting-house for better accommodation . . . more convenient room by a table, pews or galleries, and report at the next town meeting."

So on May 12 the town voted to go on to finish a *front* gallery on the *beams* of the meeting-house, with stairs convenient for the same.

When the deacons were chosen by the church, on March 11, it was decided to celebrate the Holy Sacrament of the Lord's Supper on the 22d, and every sixth week thereafter, so the *table* needed to be provided, and this was to "reach so far as the door of the little pue under the pulpit."

After this three pews were built next the front wall between the doors, but there was no alley before them, as the house was becoming too small. Deacon Bradshaw had the one on the right of the men's door, and Madam Porter (the minister's wife) the one on the left of the women's. Both of these could be entered from the alleys; the one between them could not. It was Ebenezer Brooks', and the town made a virtue of necessity and allowed him to cut a doorway into his pew through the front of the house. An evidence of the growth of the town and increased attendance is seen, that in January, 1714, the partition in both the front and upper gallery was moved over a little, to make room for one more man in each of the men's seats, *i.e.*, five men, three in the first or fore-gallery, and two in the "gallery on the beams," or "uper gallery."

In 1717 the "rail" in the body of seats was also moved eastward, to accommodate five more men, and, strange to say, there was no protest from the women.

So many pews had been built that the body of seats had been reduced to five rows, as seen in the moving of the rail. And now a word about these pews. They were not such as we now see in church edifices of modern build, but were rectangular enclosures, such as may be seen in King's Chapel in Boston. They had a seat for one person in the front corner next the alley, and across the opposite end and back side, with a door next the alley, and when one was seated only his head was visible above the enclosure, unless perchance the open space between the "banesturs" allowed the children to have a game of peek-a-boo, which wasn't safe to indulge in, for the "tytheingman" was ever watchful.

[Continued in July Register]

## THE SECOND BATTLE OF BUNKER'S HILL.

We use this caption advisedly, as the hill was then known as *Bunker's*. The result was not accomplished without resistance, there was considerable loss of life, as well as destruction of property occupied by the enemy, and some prisoners with their arms taken.

A study of a map of the locality at that period would show the area now covered by railroad tracks, freight houses etc., to have been the Charlestown Mill Pond. A later map would show the Tufts' Mill Pond, where is now the Charlestown Playground and the isthmus known as the "Neck," very narrow. At that time Samuel and Ebenezer Hall formerly of Medford were publishing the "New England Chronicle," ("Printers" they styled themselves) at Stoughton Hall, one of the Harvard College buildings in Cambridge.

To their paper of Thursday, January 11, 1776, we refer the readers of the REGISTER for an interesting account of this affair:—

CAMBRIDGE, January 11.

"Last Monday evening Major Knowlton was dispatched with 100 men, to make an incursion into Charlestown. He crossed the Mill Dam which lays between Cobble Hill and Bunker's Hill, about nine o'clock, and immediately proceeded down the street on the westerly side of Bunker's Hill; a part of the men under the command of Capt. Kyes, at the same time were ordered to take post on the east side of the street, just under the hill, in order to intercept any persons who might escape from the houses in the street, some of which were occupied by the enemy. These houses, which were a little without the compact part of the town, the enemy suffered to remain unburnt in June last, for their own convenience.— They were now surrounded and set fire to by our men. In one of them they found six soldiers, and one woman, all of whom except one refractory fellow, who was killed were brought off. In another of the houses, according to the information of the prisoners, lived seventeen of the enemy's carpenters. As the woman says she went to this house, in order to borrow something, just before our men arrived; but seeing no light, and not being able to get into that part of the house where they kept, she concluded they were all asleep; as it is very certain no one escaped from the house;— and as our



men set fire to the building very suddenly, it is thought the whole seventeen perished in the flames. We burnt 10 houses and brought off 6 or 7 muskets. Three or four houses are still standing. The whole was performed in less than an hour, without the loss of a single man, either killed or wounded, notwithstanding the enemy kept up a considerable fire of musketry from Bunker's Hill."

The Cobble Hill referred to was the eminence on which was for many years the McLean Asylum, and the mill dam afforded the Continentals a short route into the beleaguered town. It also afforded a means of escape for at least one British deserter, as seen in the issue of January, 25:—

"Since our last we have had several deserters from the enemy,—one of them stationed at Charlestown Mills, pitched his companion over the dam, and then run for Cobble Hill."

We trust that the other sentinel did not find a watery grave, but "all's fair in love and war." Charlestown at the time of the ever memorable battle was compactly built between Breed's Hill, where the monument now stands, and Charles River, with a comparatively small number of houses northward along the road now called Main street. The buildings destroyed at this time were probably near the site of the Edes' mansion, now noted as the birthplace of Prof. Morse of telegraph fame.

Between foes and friends, the old town named for King Charles who granted the charter to Matthew Cradock's Company, was well nigh obliterated. Its territory once entirely surrounded that of Medford, and embraced that of Burlington, Wilmington, Woburn, Winchester, Somerville and parts of Arlington, Medford, and Malden. Its corporate existence became finally absorbed in that of Boston in 1874.

The "three or four houses" that Major Knowlton left could have afforded but little shelter to the British troops whom editor or "printer" Hall styled "ministerial butchers." The result of the action was that the lines were closer drawn against the enemy in Charlestown.

We will refer again to Mr. Hall's paper:—

"We hear that the enemy, the evening on which troops burnt the houses at Charlestown, were entertaining themselves at the exhibition of a Play, which they called the Blockade of Boston ; in the midst of which a person appeared before the audience, and with great earnestness declared that the Yankees were attacking Bunker's Hill. The deluded wretches at first, took this to be merely *farcial*, and intended as a part of their diversion. But soon convinced that the actor meant to represent a solemn *reality*, the whole assembly left the house in confusion, and scampered off with great precipitation."

This play was written by General John Burgoyne. He had presented one in London previously, possibly with more success than attended the one this side the sea. In this, one of the characters was costumed as a "Yankee Sergeant" and the performance was much enjoyed by the British officers and the Tory ladies who were in attendance. It was designed to impress the soldiery with contempt for the "Yankees" and was succeeding finely when the "Sergeant" gave the alarm "with great earnestness." Soon the order "officers, to your posts" awakened everybody to the situation. In the wild scramble that ensued the fiddles of the orchestra were broken, seats overturned, and the much alarmed ladies were left to find their way home from Faneuil Hall. Their gallant escorts were unceremoniously called to other duties.

It was reported that after the evacuation of Boston the tables were turned and a play called the "Blockheads" (evidently parodied) or the "Affrighted Officers" was produced, in which the names of Lord Percy, Burgoyne and prominent Loyalists were thinly disguised.

Some years ago we heard of a pamphlet that undertook to prove that there never was a Battle of Bunker Hill, which seems a singular effort. It was not on account of the mistake in the name of the hill, but in discredit of the fact.

If the fact of this second battle, in which eighteen persons lost their lives and six prisoners were taken, is discredited by our readers, we refer them to the above detailed account published at the time by a son of old Medford, one of Massachusetts' early journalists.

## UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

[Inserted by some former residents, and found upon page 26 of a History of Medford.]

## BATTLE OF THE BEES.

Sometime about 1830 the Bees of Mr Joseph Swan went over in a body—and made an attack on the Bees of Mr Samuel Train (near the Meeting House) they fought in the air—with great fury—and many fell dead on the ground—Mr Train witnessed the battle. Finally Mr Train's bees were conquered, and compelled to assist the others *in carrying away their own honey!* which was done in a short time, while they were coming loaded out of the hive, Mr Train sprinkled flour (from a cook's flour box) and then went to Mr Swan's hives where he found the flour on the Bees, and thus identified them as the Invaders. — It was a Case that did not admit of any redress.

C. S. Dec. 1855

Mr. Brooks' volume was published in 1855. Another attached paper commented upon the announcement of the same from the Unitarian pulpit. Along with the above are several newspaper clippings in relation to pugnacious bees. Mr. Swan was about forty years of age at the time of the battle he described, and his entry is made twenty-five years after the occurrence, in a legible hand, on the old-fashioned blue writing paper, and attached with bits of red wafer to the margin of the leaf.

Doubtless the occurrence made a vivid impression upon the youngsters of the neighborhood, as fifty-eight years afterward Mr. Swan's nephew took up the story and added more details, and also an incident his uncle omitted from his account thirty-three years before, as seen below.

## BEES IN A DWELLING HOUSE.

Sometime about 1830, as near as I can recollect, at the time of the battle of the bees mentioned by my uncle Caleb Swan as having occurred between the bees of my uncle Joseph Swan and Mr Samuel Train whose house was next my mother's in Medford, a large swarm of bees came one day and settled on the eaves of the house at the Southwest corner, where they had discovered previously an entrance at the gutter into the attic in a space made between the south wall of the attic and the eaves. I well remember the time. The air seemed full of bees and as they passed along in

their flight over my uncle Joseph's, Roach's, and Train's premises, every one seemed to be out, beating tin pans, ringing table bells and making other discordant noises to induce the bees to settle in a swarm so that they could be hived. But they cared nothing for the noise but soon got into their new quarters where they lived several years and made a deal of honey. The first winter after they came my mother had a door and shelves arranged so that from the attic chamber where I and my brothers slept, the door could be opened and honey taken out. These bees were finally destroyed by an excessively cold winter.

JAMES G. SWAN

BOSTON, Aug. 5, 1888.

He also *illustrated* his manuscript by an outline drawing of his mother's house. This, though a little crude, is readily identified as the house next adjoining the Unitarian Church where Washington was once a guest.

The *bees* are also shown clustered on the "southwest corner," and duly labelled "Bees." This above manuscript is in a clearer and excellent hand and on white paper. The "premises of Roach" may be identified today by the old cellar, where was the house which was demolished soon after the death (by accidental burning) of Hannah Roach, in 1886. Those of "Train," as is well known, adjoined the house of Mrs. Swan, which became a beehive. The residence of Mr. James Swan's "uncle Joseph" was then near High street, and was in the early seventies moved backward, enlarged and remodelled to its present shape by the late Alvin D. Puffer.

Both the Messrs. Swan were observers of men and things in Medford.

#### THE BATTLE OF THE BOYS.

[For account of the same see page 492, Brooks' History, 1808, *Snowballing*.]

Sectional differences existed in Medford a century ago even among the boys, as those living east of the meeting-house were called "*maggots*," while those at the west were designated as "*fag-enders*." The snow fort of the "*maggots*" boasted a single piece of artillery, which, however, proved more dangerous to the garrison than

to the besiegers, as one boy was seriously wounded "on its discharge." See Mr. Swan's account for details of the fray:—

The boy was David Osgood only son of Rev<sup>d</sup> Dr. Osgood. The boys had built a large Fort of Snow behind the meetinghouse—a party appointed to attack it, and another party to defend it. David Osgood was of the inside party. They had got a large bellows nose, hammered the large end together and so made a Cannon of it, and filled it with powder—but at the first fire it exploded in several pieces—one of which tore his face and neck very badly and came within a hair of the jugular vein. He bled so profusely [that] Dr. Brooks thought his life in imminent danger for more than a week.

Snowballing parties were prohibited after this. . . .

A similar snowball fort was made by the boys of Dr. Stearns' Academy south of the bridge—but the attack was ordered to be given up—it was to have been attacked a day or two after the other.

Dr. Brooks was chosen governor in 1816, and held the office for seven successive years.

#### CENTURY OLD MEDFORD ITEMS.

The year 1808 was noted as the time when an *assistant* teacher was first employed in the public school.

Also in 1808 were made several diggings for Captain Kidd's buried treasure.

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For richest Jems and gainfull things most merchants wisely venter;  
Deride not then New England men this corporation enter:  
Christ calls for trade shall never fade come Craddock factors send;  
Let Mayhew go and other mor spare not thy coyne to spend;  
Such trades advance did never chance in all thy trading yet:  
Though some deride thy loss, abide her's gaine beyond man's wit.  
—*From Chapt. VII. Wonder Working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England. Edward Johnson.*

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On February 21, 1908, our former<sup>4</sup> president and faithful worker, Mr. David H. Brown, entered into rest. He had but recently assumed the editorship of the REGISTER, and to it gave his latest work.

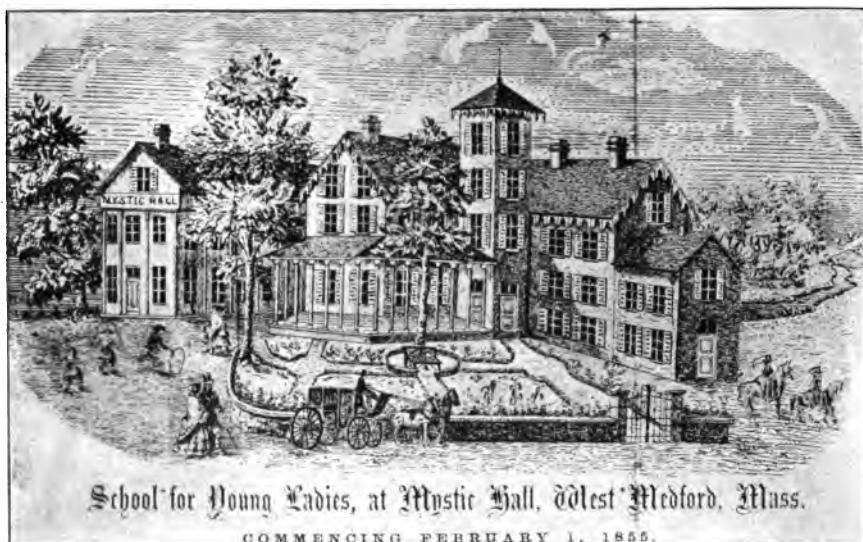
An appreciative memorial is being prepared and will be presented in due time.



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# The Medford Historical Register.

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VOL. XI.

JULY, 1908.

No. 3.

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## MYSTIC HALL SEMINARY.

BY MRS. JENNIE PEIRCE BRIGHAM.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, March 7, 1908.]

SOME years ago, I read in a Medford paper an article relating to Mystic Hall Seminary, in which the writer doubted if any still lived who had attended that institution. At first, it was rather of a shock to me, for I did not realize that its existence was in so remote an era. Then, I consoled myself with the thought that the writer must be quite young if fifty years seemed so far away and the institution merely a tradition. If so, I must surely be one of "the oldest inhabitants." Assuming this to be the case I bring to you some reminiscences of a pupil of the seminary.

I have been asked to give a sketch of what to some of you, especially the younger members, is merely an echo of the past (and, perhaps, not even that) of an educational institution which was located in West Medford during the fifties—Mystic Hall Seminary. From the elaborate prospectus issued by the proprietor I quote the following:

"West Medford is fifteen minutes ride from Boston by the Lowell R. R., in the midst of an amphitheatre of hills, with lovely villages sleeping among them, while the Mystic river, from which the seminary takes its name, winding to the ocean, gives new beauty to the whole. Its proximity to Boston renders the superior talent of that city available to the pupils and the institute."

Fifty years have brought many changes in West Medford, but not as many as might be expected. The village has become part of a city, churches have been erected, nomenclature of streets has changed, many stores have



been opened (there was only a small one-room building in the seminary days, and that contained the post-office and a few groceries), and Medford pond has become Mystic lake. But the river still winds, and the tide still covers the marshes at its flood, although it has ceased to impress me with the idea, that then prevailed amongst us, that it was of great width.

Although now nearly covered with buildings, the area bounded by the River, the Lowell R. R., and High street was then a large, open, treeless field, which later was crossed by a wide path bordered by young trees, connecting one of the seminary buildings with the hall or school.

There was a large estate in West Medford at that time occupied by the family of Thomas P. Smith, the residence being on High street near the station. During the life of Mr. Smith, there was erected, upon the land adjoining his garden, a building the lower story of which was finished for a store, with rooms for a dwelling in the rear. The upper story consisted of a large hall used for fairs, social gatherings, and like purposes, called Mystic Hall. I am inclined to think, notwithstanding the prospectus, that the seminary took its name from the hall rather than from the river. After the death of Mr. Smith, the widow decided in 1854 to open a day and boarding school, or young ladies' seminary. At that time there was a private day school in West Medford, kept by an English family named Wood—a mother and two daughters—and also one in Medford, in the basement of the engine house of Jackson No. 2, kept by a Miss Chase.

There were already on the Smith estate two buildings suitable for school purposes, and, the town of Medford having built a new almshouse on Purchase street, the old one fronting on Canal street, with the Lowell R. R. closely in the rear, was purchased. The interior was entirely remodeled, and the general appearance of the outside changed by the addition of a long wing to one side for dormitories, and the house became Mystic Mansion. By

crossing the railroad at the rear of the house, you entered the path of which I have already spoken that led to the school or hall. This building had also undergone a change. The store had been changed to a schoolroom, Everett Hall; the dwelling part into classrooms and studio. There was also a large barn on the estate, part of which was converted into a gymnasium and bowling-alley. These additions and improvements having been completed, Mystic Hall Seminary opened its doors on February 5, 1855.

The visiting committee was composed of some of the most prominent men in Massachusetts—judges, clergymen, physicians, senators, poets, and presidents of universities. Women were not ignored, although their higher education was not much talked of then. I think we were commencing to leave (slowly to be sure) the “clinging vine” period, which attitude was then considered the proper one for women. However that may be, I find on the list the names of Mrs. Sigourney and Grace Greenwood (Mrs. Lippincott). Among their male associates were Rt. Rev. Manton Eastburn, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese of Massachusetts; President Walker, of Harvard; President Sears, of Brown; Judge Bigelow, of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Hon. Rufus Choate; Rev. Dr. Lothrop, pastor of Brattle Square Church of Boston; Hon. Charles Sumner; Henry W. Longfellow; Father Taylor, of the Seamen’s Bethel; Dr. D. Humphreys Storer; Gen. John S. Tyler; and others, too numerous to mention. I find that all the different religious denominations were represented, save the Roman Catholic, and I have not the slightest doubt that if Mrs. Smith had started her school fifty years later, Cardinal Gibbons would have appeared on the board, for she was very energetic and persuasive.

Among the instructors were John P. Marshall, A.M., of Tufts College, Ancient Languages; Charles J. White, also of Tufts, Mathematics; Professor Viaux, of Harvard, French; Winslow Lewis, M.D., Anatomy, Physiology,

and Hygiene; Professor Papanti, nephew of the famous Papanti, Dancing; and Rev. Edward J. Stearns, Chaplain. The last was looked on with distrust by the younger pupils, being the compiler of a spelling-book in use at the seminary. His duties were not confined to the chaplaincy, as he was instructor in moral science and ancient languages. The principal taught natural science, composition, and belles-lettres. Professor Papanti was succeeded by others, among them Professor Bell, who taught steps and played the violin while so doing. He used the bow to point out deficiencies and rap toes, and he was very graceful in deportment, if not in language, for his denunciations of awkward pupils were scathing. Another was James Sullivan who brought a harpist and pianist to play for his classes. I must not forget little Mlle. Fauscave, the resident French teacher, for she was patient and painstaking, and her surroundings could not have been happy.

The Norfolk (Virginia) *Herald*, 1855, says:—

“We take pleasure in calling the attention of our readers to Mystic Hall school, near Boston; particularly of those who, having daughters whom they desire to have educated abroad, are interested in obtaining information of the best schools to send them to. The branches of instruction at the Mystic Hall embrace all that is necessary to a finished education, not only as regards mental culture, but all those graces and exterior accomplishments which befit the woman who is destined to shine in the highest sphere of dignity and refinement, or to fill a more useful but not less dignified position in society. The high character of the principal, Mrs. T. P. Smith, is a guarantee for the unexceptional government of the school.”

To her pupils, Mrs. Smith appeared a very gracious woman, of fine address, kindly, sympathetic, and dignified. Her dress on special occasions was always the same—black velvet and lace, with pearl brooch and earrings, ropes of pearls, that we hear so much of now, were not so common then.

I can best give you an idea of what Mystic Hall aimed to be by quoting from the catalogues of the school. The poetry I shall read was composed by the principal. The *Boston Intelligencer*, in 1856, speaks of her "as a poet, with attainments of the highest order." She also wrote the hymn used at the opening of the school hours.

"The plan of education comprises four departments; the Physical, the Moral, the Mental, and the Graceful.

"A cultivated mind and elevated morality will accomplish little with a sickly constitution, consequently, physical education is placed first. [This has since come to be recognized by all educators.]

"To the moral department, comprising not only integrity of character and Christian morals, but what is equal and of more importance, is added an amiable and loving spirit.

"In future years from lowly hearth  
Soft gentle eyes will beam,  
And light of woman's truest worth  
From household circles gleam.

"In patience, hope, meekness and love,  
*Woman's appointed lot,*  
With ever glancing eye above  
From mansion or from cot.

"The mental comes third. In this department those teachers and professors are employed who have a tact for teaching, as well as great erudition in their respective departments.

"The graceful department comprises music, painting, drawing, dancing, manners, carriage, and conversation generally. The young ladies are encouraged to converse with each other, in a lady-like and dignified manner, and in every way qualify themselves for whatever station they may be called upon in the future to fill,

"While health a certain charm imparts,  
And cultured minds and gentle hearts,

Will their possessor ever win  
Respect and love and all akin.

“Yet grace and beauty, too, are given,  
To cheer us on our path to Heaven.  
Let graceful mien and charming word  
Then beckon on to joy and God.”

This last line was altered in the next catalogue to

“Their powerful influence afford.”

We had the best of instructors procurable, and if we did not become physically, morally, mentally, and gracefully proficient the blame must not rest on the teachers. It was claimed, and admitted, I believe, that this was the only seminary in the country where the two branches of physical education, swimming and horsemanship, were taught.

To produce experts in the former branch, swimming, three bath-houses were built on the river-bank near the old lock of the Middlesex Canal—another tradition? Well, in those days, there was just enough water in the canal to make skating in winter. It was quite a little walk from the school. One had to go down Canal street, cross the railroad, and continue on to a gate, through that down a short declivity, then climb up the rocks by the side of the old lock and run down rather a steep path. I trust that old Mystic is still salt at high tide, it was then, and that was the swimming hour. I do not remember any expert swimmer, save, perhaps, a pupil from Cuba. The others confined their feats to holding on to a rope secured to the steps, and jumping up and down. None ventured far toward the aqueduct as many large snapping-turtles were caught there, and we were often prevented from ranging farther up by the seines being set on certain days by the menhaden fishermen.

For horsemanship there were four horses. Fairy was a small mare that one could only mount by rushing down

the steps and vaulting into the saddle, while William, the hostler, coachman, and factotum in general, held her up to the steps. The other horses, Hunter, Gypsy, and Mayflower, remained quiet, which enabled the riders to mount gracefully and in the proper manner, provided William did not give one too strenuous a hand and toss her far over the off side. Gypsy, was a small, black horse, and a favorite with all, but Hunter was always Hobson's choice, high, angular, and lame in one hind leg. If he galloped he rode comparatively easy, but to stop him one had to rise in the stirrup, brace against the pommel, and saw his mouth with the check, and then, when he settled into a trot, one wished she had never tried to stop him. Mayflower, a fine large mare, was only allowed to be used by a few of the older pupils, as she was usually reserved for the principal.

I find that in 1857 there were sixty pupils. I think the school opened with three. They came from many states, about fifty per cent. from Massachusetts. All the New England States were represented, and also the Middle, with the exception of Delaware (which brings to mind a remark I once heard from a man who had travelled extensively in the United States, that he had never met a person from Delaware). Virginia, Ohio, District of Columbia were represented, and there was one from Cuba and another from Canada. Those from Cleveland, Ohio, were looked upon almost as coming from the antipodes.

Everyone was expected to attend morning prayer in the schoolroom, but expectations were not always realized, the pupils residing at Mystic Mansion not liking the distance on a cold morning. We attended whatever church our parents desired, and were conveyed to and from the edifice in a brightly painted omnibus, with the name, Mystic Hall Seminary, lettered on the sides near the top. I hope some one here remembers that omnibus; it would make me feel a little less like the ancient mariner. It was drawn by a heavy horse, called Buckskin.

This horse, when allowed to be driven in other vehicles by the pupils, had to be managed by two pairs of hands to keep him in the road, as he had a most unpleasant habit of running sideways toward the gutter or wall. We unkindly diagnosed this peculiarity as "blind staggers."

The course of study was composed as follows: First, a preparatory course for young pupils. And let me add here, that although the seminary was originally intended for what was termed a "finishing school," I read "that so many young ladies presented themselves for finishing touches when the outlines of an education were not plainly discernible, it was thought best to receive the little misses, and ere long a class would graduate thoroughly educated, as well as elegant and graceful." The Intermediate and Collegiate Departments were divided into Freshman, Sophomore, Junior and Senior years; also an optional course and resident graduate course.

Under music, came singing, piano, guitar and harp. The violin, or fiddle, was not taught, being deemed unfeminine. Under painting was included oil and water color, crayon and head drawing, Grecian and Oriental painting, papier maché, monochromatic, potichiomania, wax fruit and flowers, inlaying of pearl, and leather work. It may seem strange for me to combine these under painting, but I have done so because "M and P," music and painting, or "M" or "P" singly, were affixed to the pupil's name in the catalogue to signify the extra accomplishments taken. "M" might mean piano, harp, and guitar—all three or merely one. "P" stood for any or all that I have enumerated under painting, but it generally stood for Grecian painting.

Mrs. Smith was quite an artist in oils, and had made a number of family portraits. I will add for the information of the younger, and perhaps some of the older ones present, to whom Grecian painting is unknown, that it was accomplished in the following manner: A steel engraving or lithograph was saturated with water and stretched. When dry it was like a drumhead, and

was then varnished on the back until it became transparent. Oil paints were applied on the reverse, and no shading was necessary, that being supplied by the original. It was merely the coloring of a print to suit the fancy. It was an economical as well as rapid style of painting, as all the paint remaining on the palette was mixed together and used as background. A little touch of paint on the face of the picture was sometimes added, then a thin coat of varnish, and it was ready for the frame—or the rubbish pile, as one chose.

I was a Grecian painter, and at times feel rather elated at having been an adept in one of the lost arts. Quite a number of pupils took lessons in wax fruit and flowers, or rather fruit, for that was moulded and easily made, while flowers required a more skilled touch. Sometimes in the country I have seen funeral wreaths which the unsuspecting owner has assured me was the original wreath preserved in wax. How vividly this brought back to me the days of wax work in the studio.

A monthly report was made out for each scholar regarding her proficiency in lessons and deportment. I think the daily school life could be summed up in a general way, as prayers, 7; breakfast, 8; school, 9; intermission, 12 to 12.30; dinner, 2; music and painting in the afternoon; tea, 6; study hour together, 7 to 8; conversation in music-room parlor, 8 to 9; lights out at 10.

It is needless to say that lessons were memorized, by this I mean every word in geography or history must be letter perfect, particular stress being laid on rules in arithmetic and grammar; and a method was employed by a teacher in geography that I have never seen elsewhere, although it may have been used. Very large maps were hung on the wall, and the teacher named the rivers, mountains, capes, or whatever might be the day's lesson, and pointed them out, while the pupils chanted them after her in a sing song rhythm. This brings forcibly to mind the way we learned our multiplication table in the public school, each table being sung with a terminating



chorus of "Five times Five is Twenty-five," to the air of Yankee Doodle.

French was always spoken at table, therefore, we were not a particularly garrulous crowd, the conversation being limited to asking for the desired articles or requesting to be excused when the dessert was not especially popular. Then the order went forth that all young ladies who wished to be excused must ask before the dessert was served. Great consternation arose among the younger ones, until it was discovered that by gaining the good graces of the cook, under a pledge of secrecy, the day's dessert could be foretold.

I have already mentioned that there was a large, well-equipped gymnasium and bowling alley connected with the school, and the suits worn on those occasions were what were known as "bloomers," although some preferred to call them "Turkish costumes." I have never visited a modern gymnasium, but the various exercises we had were sufficiently startling, and near neck-breaking among the younger ones if no teacher were near.

Those pupils boarding at Mystic Mansion were obliged to cross the railroad, and then take the wide walk through the field which led to the school. During the noon hour a long freight train used to switch off and back down the track opposite the mansion to wait for the Lowell express to pass. As there was a stringent rule that the pupils must not leave the seminary grounds without permission, the younger ones used to crawl under the cars, and it was quite a stunt (I believe it is called "stunt" now) to crawl under when we could hear the clink as each car began to move. What saved us from mutilated limbs I do not know, unless it was the same cherub that used to sit up aloft and look out for the life of poor Jack, said cherub no longer being needed in these days of steam. When this pleasant pastime of "crawling under" was discovered, and the culprits admonished and told into what depths of sin they had fallen, the excuse was that they were afraid they would be late for lessons.

To acquire a graceful carriage (which as I read you

was one of the attributes which "beckon on to joy and God") we had calisthenics, using first a wand, then swaying graceful movements with arms and hands to the piano accompaniment of the Russian March. This selection was invariable, the air was never changed.

Embroidery was taught by the resident German teacher. There was cross-stitch on canvas worked so finely that it resembled tapestry. There were ottoman covers worked on broadcloth, chenille embroidery that very few attempted, and the height of all ambition, the working of a large figure picture in tapestry that could be framed. The favorite subject of this composition was a Highlander and a lamb.

We had our secret societies with badges and letters that were exasperating to the uninitiated who could not discover their significance. There were the "L.G.'s," with knife and fork engraved on their buttons. Lazy Geese they were called by the younger girls, in retaliation for the name of "small fry," which had been applied to themselves. The "C.C.'s," bore a sunburst, and were dubbed the "Celestial Captivators." The "R.D.'s," said their letters meant Reform Dress, but as we could not see any reform in dress or manners, we gave them silent contempt. The seniors had a resplendent button, with the Greek letters phi, sigma, phi, that silenced us. Such learning was beyond criticism!

All these minor societies were eclipsed by the Mystic Alliance, which included all that were eligible by age, sometimes otherwise. It was termed a literary society, and issued a monthly paper called, *The Mystic Wreath*. One or two young Harvard sophomores were allowed to join the Alliance. I only know of one now living, and he is a well-known writer and educator. The "small fry" were not recognized by these haughty college men, but the "small fry" had eyes and ears, and they used them to advantage.

At the end of the term (there were two terms in the year) there was a reunion. I saw in the Medford paper to which I have referred, a copy of an order of exercises

which you probably all read. These exercises commenced at three o'clock. The graduating class had the usual salutatory in Latin followed by reading in French, German and Spanish, English essay and the valedictory, while the other pupils aided to the best of their ability. Then came award of prizes, given by some of the visiting committee, and the presentation of a gold medal to each graduate. If the reunion came in June, and the weather permitted, a collation was served under the trees in the garden, and a number of pupils showed their proficiency in horsemanship. In the early evening there was a concert given by the pupils, which was followed by social enjoyment and band playing.

I have made mention of the possession of ears and eyes by the small fry. The following is what they heard and saw on one Saturday afternoon. It was the usual custom for the principal to go to Boston on that day, and some of the Harvard members of the Alliance thought it an excellent opportunity for calling. On this particular Saturday, however, for some reason or other Mrs. Smith had remained at home, and word reached her that there were visitors for certain young ladies. The principal received the visitors with a very gracious manner, and asked of what service she might be. One stammered out, "We have come to inspect the institution." "Delighted," was the reply. They were taken over the various rooms of the school and studio, and entertained until they showed flagging interest, when, with thanks for the courtesy, they took their departure.

Mystic Hall Seminary only existed in West Medford from February, 1855, to June, 1859. In the winter of 1858, Mrs. Smith visited Washington, having influential friends there. This was before the strenuous life in America, and she believed that the time had come in that city for an educational school on the basis of Mystic Hall Seminary. This plan was carried into operation, and in the fall of 1859 she opened her school at the capital. Two or three of her graduate teachers accompanied her. She could not have chosen a more unfavorable time. The

John Brown excitement culminated within a few months after the opening of the school. A spirit of uneasiness pervaded the entire country, especially the south, from whence she expected to draw her pupils, and the school was soon closed.

Four years is a brief time for an educational institution to exist, not long enough to make a deep impression on a community. If I have given you a glimpse of what one boarding school life was fifty years ago, I have done all, and perhaps more, than I expected. The founder and principal of the seminary had the highest hopes of its stability and success, and in these hopes and beliefs she was supported by the press and friends in many states. As I quoted from the *Norfolk Herald* at the beginning of my paper, let me end with a quotation from one published at Boston at this time.

"Among the proudest boasts of New England, none may be more justly indulged than those referring to our admirable schools. We have the means of education profusely scattered upon every side; and while our public institutions deserve especial commendation, there exist private ones most eminently adapted to public wants, and meeting exigencies which cannot otherwise be reached. The comparative value of the physical and mental education can be more happily advanced under the circumstances which attend a private institution than in a general and public one.

"The mothers of Columbus and Washington will never be forgotten, and to produce such mothers should be the highest aim of the age, and so indeed it is in such schools as the one to which we take great pleasure in making reference, known as the School for Young Ladies, at Mystic Hall, West Medford, Mass.

"Mrs. Smith has surrounded herself with the best procurable talent in every branch, and to Mystic Hall school we shall ever point with highest pride of a true New Englander."

New England has long since forgotten the brief life of Mystic Hall Seminary. Let Medford remember.

Y<sup>B</sup> OLDE METING-HOUSE OF MEADFORD.

BY MOSES W. MANN, WEST MEDFORD.

[Continued from Vol. 11, No. 2.]

THE seats in the pews were hinged, and turned up on edge as the people stood during the long prayer. This concluded, they were turned down again, and the result was like a fusillade of musketry all over the house.

Mr. Porter's pastorate was all too short, as he died after serving the church and town nine years, and was succeeded by the Rev. Ebenezer Turell in 1724.

He, like his predecessor, took unto himself a wife soon after coming to Medford. Still more room was needed for the accommodation of the people, and after much discussion the town built a new and much larger meeting-house just beyond the brook, and on August 21, 1727, worshipped in the subject of our sketch for the last time. The selectmen were directed to sell it, for the best advantage for the town. I find no report of their doings in the matter on the record; but upon the treasurer's book under date of January 4, 1729, is this item, "To Cash Rec<sup>d</sup> of Benj. Willis for ye Old Meeting-house

Omitted setting down before."

The receipts are entered on the right hand pages of the book, and the page being one of the earliest used, the right, or outer edge, is so frayed and worn that the amount paid by Mr. Willis is missing. An interesting matter in this connection is the date January 4, 1729. As the town directed the selectmen on September 29, 1729, to sell it and Mr. Willis paid for it on January 4, it was in the *eleventh* month of the year, which then began with the first of March, instead of January. Another incident is that the entry is not in regular order, but is explained by the written note, "Omitted setting down before."

Such are the facts gleaned from the ancient records of the town, their time-worn and discolored pages now carefully preserved between silk tissue.

In a careful reading of them, often requiring patient

study, and diligent comparison of the quaint expression, and almost phonetic spelling, the writer felt as one becoming introduced to the men and people of the Medford of long ago. So long ago was it, that it is well to take a look beyond the strip of land bordering the river, "and extending back a mile in all places," that comprised the Medford of those days, making the thirty-one years ye olde meeting-house was used. A. D. 1693, William and Mary had been for five years the reigning sovereigns and the town meetings were called "in their majesties names." The witchcraft delusion at Salem had just run its length and subsided without thrusting its baleful presence and influence into Medford.

Beyond the sea in old England, John Bunyan, the immortal dreamer, and Richard Baxter, the voluminous writer, had but just passed away. The "Pilgrim's Progress" of the one, and "Saint's Rest" of the other were beginning to reach these shores.

John Dryden, the poet and translator of "Virgil," and John Locke, the mental philosopher of that age, were just completing their life work, while the great architect, Sir Christopher Wren, was in his prime.

But four years had passed since Sir Edmund Andros had been sent home to England, and one Medford man is credited with saying, "If Andros comes to Medford we'll treat him not with shad and alewives but with *swordfish*."

Possibly if this ancient Medfordite could now return, he would find a different taste prevailing in the matter of a fish diet; and Parson Porter would find that potatoes (unknown in Medford when he came as minister) afforded more palatable and nourishing food if the roots were cooked, instead of balls that grew upon the vines. Andros' successor wasn't much more heartily welcomed, though the people were loyal to the king who had granted the new charter.

Less than nine years before, the general court in answer to the people's inquiry, had declared "that Meadford hath

been and is a *peculiar*." Doubtful of their right, or perhaps too modest, no deputy had been sent till four years before the enterprise of building the meeting-house was inaugurated. With it as a central rallying point, the sixty year old town was waking to new life, for in the autumn of that year, it adopted "Town orders and by-laws." Of the houses that were standing in the Medford of 1696, we can be positively certain of but two that remain today—the Major Jonathan Wade house, and the Capt. Peter Tufts house, commonly called the Cradock House,—“if this be treason” (or heresy) “make the most of it.” There is a possibility that the old house recently removed a little from the corner of High Street and Hastings Lane (and now many times repaired and twice enlarged, and so taking a new lease of life), may have been the home of Dea. and Ensign John Bradshaw. All others that were contemporary with the old meeting-house in its early years have yielded to the tooth of time, and possibly none that were built during its thirty-two years now remain. A few monarchs of the forest there are, and yet very few whose roots had then taken a firm grasp in Medford soil. The primeval forest has gone and danger threatens the newer growth. If we take the map of Medford, and trace a series of circles in quarter miles, from the site of the meeting-house, we shall find that the first passes through the site of the First Parish Church, where the third meeting-house was built, the Brooks and the Cummings Schools; the second, or half-mile, through the city farm, Hall road, Medford square, Cradock school, and West Medford R. R. station.

The three-quarter mile radius reaches the Brooks Farm building, the site of the Wheeler mill just above Menotomy river, the end of Woburn street at Playstead road, the old mill site on Whitmore brook and also the one on Meeting-house brook, Gravelly brook at Forest street, the Everett school and the Royall House.

One mile is just beyond Wear bridge, the farther corner of Oak Grove, Bear meadow, Earl avenue and Fulton

street at the Fellsway, Park street, Mystic park and Tufts College. One and a quarter miles would reach the old Powder House in Somerville, and one and a half the so-called Cradock House. With the latter exception, the spot selected for its building was central then.

"Ye olde meeting-house of Meadford," occupies a peculiar place in the history of the peculiar town, in the fact that the town, by taxation, supported public worship within its walls for seventeen years before the gathering of a church. For almost the average length of a human life it served its purpose, convening the sovereign people in their civil capacity in the town meeting, and the exercise of religious freedom of worship.

No matter how acrimonious the debates may have been, or what the difference of opinion was on the town's business affairs, the Sabbath worship was observed. If this could be *before* the church was organized, how much more must the meeting-house have stood for afterward.

And when the time came to leave it for the new and larger, we may well think that in the hearts of some, especially of the older people, arose the remembrance of former days. It has come to be a custom to inveigh against the Puritans, and to consider them as cold and austere. We do well to remember the circumstances under which they came to these shores; the persecutions they endured and finally fled from; to remember that they established the civil and religious liberty we enjoy and not to allow the present time to degenerate into civil and religious license.

I find no record of theological differences in the old meeting-house. The Quaker or Baptist may have been there, but that time was long before the Universalist, Unitarian, or Methodist-Episcopal. The churches of England and of Rome, the ancient Medfordites would have none of. This is evident in the fact that, in the acts of worship and observation of times, everything was diametrically opposite. Even the Holy Scriptures were unread in the meeting-house, and not until 1755 was



there a Bible upon the pulpit. No lights gleamed or candles flickered from its windows on Sunday night, for the Sabbath began at sunset on Saturday. One Medford man is credited with having "a poor opinion of religion got by candle light."

The records say of a *town* meeting, "Adjourned to meet at Stephen Willis' on December 6 at about sun-setting."

From twelve to fifteen shillings a year paid for the care of the house, and sometimes the deacon was the caretaker.

The duties were sweeping, shutting the casements (possibly there were shutters on the windows, as glass was expensive), and removing the snow from before the doors. Since that day, thirty houses for public worship have been erected within the limits of Medford, and eighteen are now in use as such. Two of the thirty (the second and third built by the town while there was but the one church), were demolished when outgrown.

Three have been destroyed by fire; one is now beyond the limits of Medford, owing to change of boundary, while one has been moved into its borders. Five have become devoted to business and residential use, leaving eighteen in present service, with one homeless society about to rebuild. One is the college church. Therefore, to eighteen organized bodies has increased the gathering at John Bradshaw's house on that winter day one hundred and ninety-five years ago.

Could Rev. Mr. Woodbridge ride from Charlestown to Medford on horseback, as of yore, he would not have to alight and open the gate across the road near Marble brook ere he could proceed.

Mr. Aaron Warner would find his old parish somewhat changed on doctrinal points, but ready to welcome him, and possibly he might not be pleased with the chiming bells and liturgical service across the "country road," as he would call High street. Parson Turell would look in vain for his old home, only demolished in recent years.

Perchance he might wonder if this was really Meadford. But *we* may do well, if we of this year of grace, 1906, serve our day and generation, in church and state, in religious and civil duty, as did the men and women who in 1696 built and worshipped in "Ye olde first meting-house of Meadford."

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#### DAVID HENRY BROWN.

David Henry Brown was born in Raymond, New Hampshire, August 17, 1836, and died at his home in West Medford, on February 21, 1908. He was the second son of Joseph and Elvira (Howard) Brown, and was descended from many of the founders of New England, among whom were, on the paternal side, Rev. Stephen Bachiler, Thomas Webster, Hon. Samuel Dalton and other founders of Hampton, New Hampshire, and Hon. John Gilman, of Exeter, New Hampshire, and, on the maternal side, Gov. Thomas Hinckley, of the Plymouth Colony, Rev. John Mayo, first pastor of the Second Church of Boston, and Rev. William Walton, one of the founders of Marblehead.

Born on a New Hampshire farm in the first half of the last century, he knew from experience what a life of plain living and high thinking was. His mother was ambitious that her boys should have a good education, and although she died when her son David was fourteen, her wish had been impressed on her children, three of whom went to college.

After leaving the district school in Raymond, Mr. Brown attended Hampton, New Hampshire, Academy in the fall of 1853, and then went to Phillips Andover Academy to fit for college. He entered Dartmouth in the fall of 1857, graduating in 1861, in the same class with President Tucker. It is worthy of note and showed his characteristic persistence, that he persuaded one of his boyhood friends who had left college on account of ill health to return and finish his course. Mr. Brown

taught school in the long winter vacations to earn money for his expenses, and after graduating from college he taught two and a half years as principal of high schools, first at South Abington, now Whitman, and then at Stoneham, Mass. He was a clerk in the quartermaster's department at Nashville, Tennessee, in 1864 and 1865. On returning to Boston, he entered the educational department of Taggard & Thompson, publishers and stationers. On the retirement of Mr. Taggard, in 1869, he became a member of the firm, and continued the business, the firm name soon becoming Thompson, Brown & Co. Among the most noted books which bore their imprint, were "Cushing's Manual of Parliamentary Practice," "Eaton & Bradbury's Mathematical Series," and "Meserve's Book-keeping."

At his death, he was one of the oldest publishers in the country, and his firm, through all the vicissitudes of business and of keen competition, bore a reputation for honorable dealings.

In 1869 Mr. Brown married Abby Dudley Tucker, daughter of General Henry and Nancy (Dudley) Tucker, of Raymond, New Hampshire, a lineal descendant of Gov. Thomas Dudley, of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. He is survived by his wife and three sons, Henry Tucker Brown, of New York City, Howard Dudley Brown, of Arlington, Massachusetts, and Edward Bangs Brown, of Cleveland, Ohio, and two grandchildren, Elizabeth, daughter of his son Howard, and Barbara, daughter of his son Edward.

In 1871 Mr. Brown came to Medford to live in the house on Allston street, which was ever after his home. West Medford was then a little village, with no church and only some twenty-five houses on the west of the railroad. Many changes took place in the thirty-seven years of his residence here, and he took a prominent and active part in all that promoted the welfare of the community. He never held public office, nor was a candidate for office, but he was a public spirited citizen,

anxious to see progress in all local affairs, and not afraid to give his opinion, even when it opposed the wishes of others.

In 1872 a movement was started to organize a Congregational Church in West Medford, and in this Mr. Brown took a foremost part, being a charter member, serving as the first clerk of the church, the first treasurer of the society, as a member of the subscription committee for the first church building, and as superintendent of the Sunday-school in 1875 and 1876. In 1897, at the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the church, Mr. Brown gave the historical address. When the present edifice at the corner of High and Allston streets was built, Mr. Brown was chairman of the committee on plans, and took part in the ceremonies at the laying of the corner stone. He was one of the trustees of the Barnes fund from the time it came into the possession of the parish until his death.

He was one of the organizers and the first president of the West Medford Village Improvement Society, through whose efforts many improvements in that part of the town were secured. He took the leading part in the organization of the West Medford Reading Club, which celebrated its thirtieth anniversary last December, on which occasion Mr. Brown read an historical sketch of the club. He was the secretary and treasurer at the time of his death, having filled the office for four years.

He was a life member of the New England Historic-Genealogical Society, a member of the committee on papers and addresses from 1900 to 1907, and he wrote the notices for the Historical and Genealogical Register of at least fifteen of its members. In genealogical matters he had more than a local reputation, being considered an authority on genealogical research. His account of the first three generations of Simon and Joan Stone, from whom he was descended, has been commended as a model genealogical sketch.

For the Old Home Week celebration of his native

town, Raymond, New Hampshire, in 1901, Mr. Brown wrote some delightful reminiscences, giving a vivid picture of New England country life sixty years ago.

From the organization of the Medford Historical Society, in which he took an active part, to the day of his death, his work for it and his interest in it never ceased. He was always willing to do whatever needed to be done. He was the first chairman of the committee on papers and addresses, serving for ten years. During this time, he planned work covering the local field, and secured also many speakers from other places. He was president for four years, from 1903 to 1907. As a member of the publication committee he was deeply interested in the success and continuance of the Medford Historical Register, getting many new subscribers for it. On more than one occasion, when the society was in debt for the Register, he procured funds so that its publication could be continued. He was the editor at the time of his death.

The celebration of the two hundred and seventy-fifth anniversary of the settlement of the town of Medford was due to his initiative and untiring effort. At the time of the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary Mr. Brown had been very urgent that it should be observed, but nothing was done. When, twenty-five years later, a fitting time for a celebration came again, he spared no effort to make it a success. At the literary exercises Judge Wait paid him a well-deserved tribute, saying, "He was a man not himself a native of Medford, but for more than thirty years her good citizen . . . the man whose courage in the face of difficulties, whose enthusiasm in the midst of indifference, whose persistence in spite of discouragements, and, above all, whose faith in spite of disappointments have made this celebration possible and inevitable."

Simple and unostentatious in his life, he did not forget that "poverty and riches are of the spirit," and he surely had the riches of the spirit. He was kindly in his judgments of others, never suspicious of men's motives, and persistent in whatever he undertook. He has left on

record his conception of what a man should be, an ideal to which he himself was true. "It must be recognized that the power and influence of the church depends on the power and influence and personal character of its individual members. If we love God we shall love our neighbor and try to be good citizens. It seems to me we should be ready to do the things that ought to be done, laying out work for ourselves as well as for others."

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### EARLIEST MYSTIC RIVER SHIP-BUILDING.

BY JOHN H. HOOPER.

"October 15—1635. A number of Dorchester, Mass., families began their journey to Windsor, Conn., and arrived at their destination just as winter was setting in. Many died of cold and starvation. In December about 70 adults and children, including some of these emigrants came to Saybrook from the up-river settlement and took passage for Boston in the *Rebecca*, a vessel of 60 tons burden."

"April 26—1636. The possessions of William Pynchon and others, who settled Springfield, Mass., were sent to the head of navigation on the Connecticut, in the *Blessing of the Bay* belonging to Gov. John Winthrop."

The *Rebecca* was owned by Gov. Mathew Cradock, and was, no doubt, built in Medford soon after the settlement of the plantation.

The establishment of his men on the Mystic, extensively employed in the fisheries, caused the building of small vessels therefor, and this leads to the inference that ship-building was commenced on the Mystic at an early date.

In a letter from the company in London to the authorities here, dated April 17, 1629, they say, "We have sent six shipwrights of whom Robert Moulton is chief." . . .

In another letter, May 28, 1629, they say, "The provisions for building ships, as pitch, tar, rosin, oakum,

cordage and sail-cloth in all these ships, with nine firkins and two half-barrels of nails in the *Two Sisters*, are two-thirds for the company and one-third for the Governor, Mr. Cradock." . . .

These letters show conclusively that vessels were built in the settlement prior to the building of the *Blessing of the Bay*, claimed to have been the first built in New England.

As Governor Cradock's location was in Medford, and the place where his vessels were built, it is fair to consider the *Rebecca* the older vessel of the two.

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## PAPERS AND ADDRESSES. 1907-8.

### MONDAY EVENING COURSE.

October 21.—"Jamaica." Illustrated. Mr. Rosewell B. Lawrence. November 18.—"A Story of Gettysburg." Gen. Luther Stephenson of Hingham. December 16.—"The Old State House." Mr. Charles F. Read of Brookline, clerk of the Bostonian Society. January 20.—"Jamestown and the Jamestown Colony." Rev. James L. Hill, D.D. of Salem. February 17.—"The First Parish in Medford." Rev. Henry C. DeLong. March 16.—Annual Meeting. April 20.—"Our First Railroad and How it was Built." Illustrated. Mr. Moses W. Mann. May 18.—"Old-fashioned Medicinal Remedies." Charles S. Ensign, LL.B. of Newton.

### SATURDAY EVENING COURSE.

December 7.—"Some Pictures of the Far East." Illustrated. Dr. Walter G. Chase of Boston. January 4.—"Samuel Adams." Mr. Charles G. Chick, President of the Hyde Park Historical Society. February 1. (Postponed to February 11.)—"Some Brick-makers of Medford." Mr. George S. Delano. March 7.—"A Pupil's Life in Mystic Hall Seminary." Mrs. Jenny P. Brigham of Brookline. April 4.—"Dea. Galen James." Miss Helen T. Wild. May 2.—"Colonial and Modern Newspapers." Mr. Charles H. Adams of Melrose.







GALEN JAMES.

## THE TURNER FAMILY

1790-1835

### CHARLES TURNER

1790-1835

1790-1835

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GALEN J. BLS.

# The Medford Historical Register.

VOL. XI.

OCTOBER, 1908.

No. 4.

## GALEN JAMES.

BY HELEN TILDEN WILD.

[Read before the Medford Historical Society, April 4, 1908.]

ONE of the most prominent men in Medford for fifty years subsequent to 1820, was Galen James, who came to this town in early manhood and gave to it and its interests the best part of an active and earnest life.

Born in Scituate, Massachusetts, near the "Block House Yard" on the North River, where his family had carried on ship building for several generations, he inherited the trade of a ship carpenter.

He was the son of Major John James and Patience Clapp; he was born September 29, 1790, and baptized June 5, 1791, as Galen Clapp James, in honor of his maternal grandfather. He did not habitually use his middle initial, but it appears in his two marriage intentions filed in Medford.

His ancestry includes the pioneers of Plymouth County, Mayflower passengers and sturdy men of Kent, who settled Scituate in 1628. We find among his forebears, the names of Brewster, Turner, Briggs, King, Otis, Brooks, and others prominent in the early life of the colony. From them he inherited a strong devotion to principle and a firm belief in the dignity of labor.

He was married in 1817 to Mary Rand Turner, daughter of Hon. Charles Turner, Jr., Member of Congress, and Hannah Jacob, daughter of Col. John Jacob. She was a relative of Mr. James, though hardly near enough to be called a cousin. They had eight children; only two of whom lived to maturity—Horace and Matilda Turner.

Mrs. James died December 13, 1831, and Mr. James

married, second, Amanda Jacobs, daughter of David Jacobs, April 14, 1833. She had no children.

The first Mrs. James was only thirty-four years old when she died, and we know very little about her except the influence of her Christian character upon her children.

It is a family tradition that Miss Jacobs declared that she never would be a step-mother to anybody's children, but when her suitor came rowing down the river and asked her to come up to Medford and be a mother to his two, she did not say him nay. She was a cousin of Mary Rand Turner James, and at the time of her marriage was living at the Marine Hospital in Chelsea, where Hon. Charles Turner was steward. During the last years of her life she was blind, and, as early as 1846 she complained of impaired sight, but she put her own ailments in the background and interested herself in the cares of her household and the welfare of those about her. A sister of Miss Jacobs was the mother of Hon. Charles Sumner.

The son, Horace James, was educated at Andover and Yale, became a clergyman and was settled at Wrentham, Worcester and Lowell.

During the war, he was chaplain of the Twenty-fifth Massachusetts, enlisting at Worcester. It was said of him, "Kindness of disposition, strong common sense, great willingness for and capacity for work and clear insight into the character of men were among his predominant characteristics . . . but in, through and above all, our friend lived to glorify God as a Christian minister." After his term of enlistment had expired, he was connected with the Freedmen's Bureau. His health was undermined by an attack of yellow fever while serving in this capacity, and in 1873 he was stricken with hemorrhage of the lungs, which caused his death, June 9, 1875.

The daughter became the wife of William Haskins of Medford. It is only a little while ago that she left us, and we appreciate her sterling qualities. Her father spent the last years of his life in her family. He died April 14, 1879.

Before his majority, Galen James came to Medford and worked for Thatcher Magoun, in the only ship-yard then existing in the town. In 1811, he paid his first tax in Medford, and though he was only twenty-one years old, he was assessed for personal estate to the amount of \$200. He was not taxed here in 1812, being at that time in Milton, at work in the shipyard of Daniel Briggs. In 1814, he returned to Medford, and thereafter made his home here. Before his twentieth year he had worked in various shipyards of the State with his father, who was a very well educated man for his day, and quite a musician. He was not well enough off to educate his children as he wished, and they had only the advantages of the common schools, and were early put to work.

In 1816 the firm of Sprague and James was formed. Isaac Sprague, the senior partner, was the son of Asher Sprague of Scituate, and was a ship carpenter in the yard of Thatcher Magoun. In 1814 he married and went to housekeeping in a house of his own, and was taxed that year for stock in trade and faculty. Mr. Sprague hired land at Labor in Vain landing and contracted to build a vessel for James Lee, a crusty bachelor merchant of Boston, but finding that his limited education hampered him in the financial part of his business, he resolved to take a partner and selected young James, who had a little money to start with, a good business head and a practical knowledge of ship building. Mr. Lee was very angry at the new arrangement and told Mr. Sprague that he would not sign any contract if "that boy" was admitted to the firm. The "boy" was twenty-six at this time, but with his curly, sandy hair and ruddy complexion, he probably looked younger. Lee had a strong will, but he was pitted against two stronger ones, and Sprague and James, after some months of waiting, received his order and built the brig, *Bocca Tigris*, according to original contract.

In 1817 they owned their yard, the third established in Medford, and were taxed for stock in trade to the amount of \$1,000.

The same year, Mr. James married and bought a house which he sold later to his father, just before he established himself in his permanent home at the corner of Riverside avenue and Foster's court — as we know them today.

The firm built sixty-three ships, and the partners retired in 1849 after amassing comfortable fortunes, according to the standards at that time.

The first vessels built were brigs and schooners. The first ship was the *Rassellas*, built in 1820. The same year they built the steam-boat, a stern wheeler, Governor Pinckney for ——— Sullivan, of Boston. By the name of the boat and the surname of the owner, (no other name is given in Brooks' History) we infer that it was the invention of John L. Sullivan, of Middlesex canal fame, and was put in commission on the Santee River, in South Carolina.

The only other steam vessel was built in 1841 and was modelled much like the ferry boats of today. This one was used by the Eastern Railroad to transport passengers from its terminal at East Boston to the city proper. Her name was the *East Boston*.

From 1822, the size of the vessels built increased. The *Lurilla* built in that year was of 369 tons burden and the largest was the *Soldan* built in 1841. The firm retired from business before the building of clipper ships, but the schooner *Ariel*, built for the same James Lee who had hindered the young firm, was of that type and was considered quite a wonder at the time, 1841. She was used in the China trade to smuggle opium.

Sometimes Sprague and James built ships for their own investment, selling them on the stocks. In the *Palmyra* and *James H. Shepherd*, they retained a share. The captain of the former was named Cushing and was a brother of Mr. David Cushing of Medford. Captain St. Croix Redman commanded the *James H. Shepherd*, and although Mr. Shepherd owned the major part of her, the captain and the builders each had an interest in her. The *Soldan*, the last ship built, lay on the stocks all summer before a

purchaser was found. She was bought in part by George Pratt. Captain Shaw, her commander, and Sprague and James had a share in her. These ships plied between New Orleans and Antwerp, doing business principally in cotton. These "ventures to sea" in the main proved profitable.

It is impossible now to tell the fate of all the ships of Sprague and James, but though some were wrecked and others were outclassed when the new style of clipper ships came in, they were good vessels, built on honor, and their commanders were proud of them.

Captain Redman, writing of the *Shepherd* after he had sailed in her for many voyages, said, "Mr. Shepherd, Mr. Touro and Captain Macy are building a very large ship at Portsmouth and have offered me an interest in her with command. I have not given them a definite answer yet but it is most probable that I shall decline. I am very fond of the *James H. Shepherd*, she has no fault except that I would like her a little stronger, but with care I am in hopes she will make many safe and prosperous voyages. She has the appearance now of a ship not more than two or three years old."

Mr. Sprague was the head of the mechanical part of the business and designed the ships, making the moulds and doing the draughting in his parlor, generally after working hours were over in the yard. Mr. James' place was in the counting room; each had perfect confidence in the other's ability and never interfered with the other's department. Both were men of iron will and differed radically in religion, Mr. Sprague being as strong a Unitarian as Deacon James was an Orthodox, yet in all their long business connection, there was never a breach in their friendship and it was continued until Mr. Sprague died, in 1851.

Both men, according to the custom of the day, took apprentices into their families. Joshua Turner Foster lived with Mr. Sprague and later married his daughter. John Taylor lived with Mr. James and married his sister.



Foster and Taylor succeeded the firm of Sprague and James in the "Labor in Vain" yard. After Mr. Taylor went to Chelsea, Mr. Foster carried on the business there and built the last Medford ship, in 1872. Other apprentices well known in Medford for years were Roland Jacobs, John Stetson and Elijah Ewell.

In youth, Mr. James attended the Congregational church in South Scituate, which his mother joined in 1813, but the old school clergyman there never attracted his interest. Very early in life he left home, as I have said, to work in various places, and in Salem he boarded with Baptists and attended church with them. He became interested in their methods but never subscribed to their creed. From that time, however, he became interested in religious matters.

While in Milton, he attended the church of Mr. (afterward Dr.) Codman, in Dorchester. He preached the orthodox doctrine of predestination and its attendant beliefs. His congregation was divided for and against him. A council was called which decided that he should remain in his pulpit. The next Sunday, Mr. Codman found eight men at the foot of the pulpit stairs blocking his entrance. He established himself in the deacon's seat. There he conducted the opening services, during which another preacher was admitted to the pulpit. Mr. Codman continued, preached his sermon, pronounced the benediction and retired with his followers. Then the second minister carried on another service, after which he lunched in the pulpit and as soon as possible conducted the afternoon worship. At the usual hour Mr. Codman again appeared and delivered his afternoon discourse. Galen James, the young apprentice, attended this quadruple service, and I have told the story because I think the incidents of that day made an impression on his mind which was the key to his later actions in regard to religious controversy and his adoption of his creed.

In this time of excitement, Galen James determined to read the Bible and formulate a theory of his own, rather

than to select one of the various creeds presented upon the authority of the preachers.

He bought a Bible, divided its pages into fifty-two equal parts and faithfully read one section a week, until he had read it from cover to cover. The creed which he adopted is embodied in the church manual of the first Trinitarian church, established in Medford in 1823, and again in that of the Mystic church in 1847, and was just as firmly his when he died in 1879.

When Mr. James settled in Medford permanently, he connected himself actively with the parish church. After the death of Dr. Osgood, the majority of the church called Rev. Andrew Bigelow, a Unitarian, to be the pastor. Deacon James led the minority who wished an evangelical minister. Mindful of that disgraceful day in the Dorchester meeting-house, Mr. James favored no public demonstration of disagreement, but in friendly words, letters were sent back and forth between the opposing parties which resulted in four men and thirteen women asking for dismission to form a new church.

The letter making the request was probably written by Mr. James. It closed as follows:—

The necessity of such a separation we deeply lament; we will cherish the kindest affection toward you and would lift up our hearts in prayer to God that He would bless you with all spiritual blessings, and would over rule these events, so painful to you and to us for the promotion of His holy cause.

With sincere christian affection we are Brethren,

Yours in the gospel,

Galen James } Committee.  
Jesse Crosby }

Hard feeling and sharp words were no doubt the result of this separation, for a time, but the course pursued was certainly the best; for there were no lasting breaks in friendship and the two churches were soon working in harmony in charitable and reformatory channels, whereas opposing factions, trying to live under one church government, would have brought forth countless collisions.

In 1846 a rupture occurred in the second congregational parish, and Galen James again led a colony to a new church home. The causes of disagreement were more personal and perhaps more bitter than in 1823. Conference after conference was held in private, trying to adjust matters, at some of which neighboring clergymen were present, but none of these were public or reported on the records of the churches. It has been said that the slavery question was at the root of this withdrawal, but one of the few remaining original members of the Mystic Church whose father was a strong anti-slavery man does not give that reason, and I am informed of strong abolitionists who remained in the old church and of one rabid pro-slavery man who was a prominent member of the new one. The church building was too small for the growing congregation if all the members attended service there, but many were growing dissatisfied, joining other denominations, and withdrawing their support. Deacon James, a Trinitarian through and through, desiring the growth of his denomination in Medford, and thinking that the town could support two churches of the seating capacity of the first, conceived the idea of forming a new parish. This was carried out, and a new building completed in 1849.

To this new fold came many who had been wandering in other pastures, and the unyielding but pacific deacon saw his second church-child grow and flourish.

Upon Deacon James were hurled many anathemas. He was called "Pope James," and his associates "come-outers," and friendships were strained between old neighbors and life-long friends. The animosity was fostered by those outside the churches who were enemies of Mr. James on account of his total abstinence and anti-slavery principles. But in a few years the pastors of the two churches were exchanging pulpits, the two congregations were worshipping together during the summer, first in one church and then in the other, and the founder of both lived to see them united again and the old sores healed.

The second Trinitarian church received the name of "Mystic," suggested it is said by Mrs. James. She named it for the river upon which almost all of the original male members were engaged in ship building. The name has caused many strangers to inquire what sort of transcendentalism was preached in it.

Of the fifty-two members who formed the Mystic Church, fourteen at least were kinsfolk of Deacon James and many others were his employees.

In 1849 Deacon James had retired from active business, although he was still in the prime of life. But at fifty-nine, deprived of his usual activities, he began to feel that age was not far away, and his friends noticed that he was in danger of rusting out. At this time a new line of opportunity was presented to him which renewed his youth and kept it green for many years.

The new enterprise grew out of his love for the church of his choice, which had no adequate organ in the religious press. Many saw the need of a paper in the interest of Congregationalism, but money was lacking. Whereupon, Deacon James offered what seemed a large sum in those days, which he was ready to sink if need be in the endeavor. There was little to guarantee that such would not be the fate of his capital.

Rev. E. D. Moore had owned and published a small paper called the *Boston Recorder*. He sold a half interest to Deacon Edw. Fay of the Second Congregational Church, Medford, a son of Rev. Dr. Fay of Charlestown, and the paper's name was changed to the *Congregationalist*, the office being at No. 122 Washington street, Boston.

Deacon Fay bought Mr. Moore's half interest, and on November 10th sold it to Deacon James for \$1,079. The office was transferred to No. 12 School street, and the new firm and a great power for good were launched under the firm name of Galen James and Company.

Deacon James was urged to transfer the office to New York, but he was attached to his home and, beside, felt that as Massachusetts was the stronghold of Congrega-

tionalism, the new paper should be established there. He never attempted editorial work, but selected his editors and their associates with care, and no principles were published, we may be sure, that did not have his approval. Helped by his financial and personal aid, the publication grew and increased in influence, and this testimony is given in its columns after the death of Mr. James: "He came in as a pillar of strength and remained steadfast through all those years of trial until the paper was an assured success."

The first issue of the *Congregationalist* bears the motto, "Thy throne, O God, is forever and ever," and is dated May 24, 1849.

The editorial signed by Rev. Edward Beecher, Joseph Haven, Jr., and Increase N. Tarbox, says, "The ecclesiastical principles that we shall advocate are indicated by our name. In doctrine we shall stand on the broad background of New England theology, not committing ourselves to the interest of any party but recognizing with Christian affection and endeavoring to unite all who hold the fundamental principles of the system avowed by our Pilgrim fathers; by Edwards and his successors. As in religion so in politics, we are pledged to no party. Without giving any party pledges whatever, we shall earnestly oppose the extension of slavery in the slightest degree beyond its present limits."

For a long time previous to his death in 1856, Mr. Fay suffered from tuberculosis, which brought added work upon the shoulders of his partner. Mr. Thomas Todd, who was a boy in the printing-office then, says of him at this time, "He (Deacon James) did not attempt to do any editorial work, but he made himself very useful in the mechanical department, doing with his might all his hands could find to do. He attended to the mailing of the paper, to the proof-reading, and was in consultation with the editors and the other proprietor whenever it seemed necessary. . . . He had a fund of humor which carried him through some of the harassing details of the

business, that otherwise would have disturbed him. His partner was very ill, and was at times very irascible. But nothing ever disturbed the good deacon's serenity."

After the death of Mr. Fay, the firm was reorganized with C. A. Richardson and W. L. Greene as partners. This co-partnership, with Mr. Richardson as office editor, continued until 1867, when Mr. James at the age of seventy-seven retired. It was with great reluctance that Mr. James severed these ties of business. In July, 1866, he wrote his partners: "I had hoped that our present arrangement and ownership in the *Congregationalist* might have remained as they are during the short remainder of my life, or at least till my son found himself so circumstanced as to be able deliberately and uninfluenced to either accept or reject a partial interest in the concern. . . . Not merely as an investment but because the paper has become dear to me as the object of much anxiety, interest, expenditure and prayer."

At that time he sold to Messrs. Richardson and Greene each a twelfth part of the paper, making them equal partners with himself; and made an agreement to sell the third, which he retained, on July 1, 1868, provided his son did not wish to continue in the business.

He writes further, "I have confidence in your judgment and ability. I believe I give you credit for all that you have done for the paper. I hope the paper may continue to increase in prosperity just as much for your sakes as my own; and still more, for the good it may do."

In 1867 Rev. Horace James, having returned from the south, was able to carry out his father's dearest wish and assume his place in the business. Each of the three partners then contributed equally to merge the *Boston Recorder* — the oldest religious paper in the country — with the *Congregationalist*. Rev. Henry Martin Dexter was admitted as the fourth member of the firm and the name was changed to W. L. Greene and Company.

After his memory was breaking down, the deacon still clung to his *Congregationalist*, and would read it straight

through, marking with his pencil where he had left off when obliged to lay it down. The paper was the child of his brain and heart; the child of his old age; and as such he loved it.

As an adjunct to the *Congregationalist* from 1862 to 1872, this firm published *The Student and Schoolmate and Forester's Boy's and Girl's Companion*. Its editor was W. T. Adams (Oliver Optic), and among its contributors were Jacob Abbot, J. T. Trowbridge, Gail Hamilton and Sophie May. It was finally sold and merged with *Merry's Museum* which was absorbed by *Our Young Folks*, the latter in turn was the forerunner of *St. Nicholas*. With Deacon James' abounding love for children, this publication must have interested him greatly. He cordially welcomed the children in his office or home, and in his pockets were always to be found sweet attractions for them. One little girl, I know, called him "The Mr. James that loves me so."

He was never happier than when he was in the Sabbath school as superintendent or teacher. His intimate knowledge of the Bible made his services in this department very interesting.

Deacon James' interest in temperance began with his early business life. It was the custom in the shipyards for the apprentices to carry around the grog at eleven o'clock in the morning, and it was considered as part of the wages of the men. It was many years before custom and popular opinion removed the rum barrel from the yard loft, but Mr. James used his influence against it until it was finally banished. In making contracts with joiners, caulkers, etc., men were allowed so much money and so much rum. In individual cases, contractors were prevailed upon to go without the grog and receive more money. By dint of moral suasion, the ration of rum was omitted at the Sprague and James yard and wages were increased. This firm was the first to do away with liquor at a launching. The new regime was gradually adopted in all the yards of the town, but in the mean time, it

caused discord, and tradition says that there were riotous proceedings and the pioneer was threatened with bodily harm.

In 1830, Galen James was appointed overseer of the poor, and during his term of office the issuing of spirits to the occupants of the poor house was prohibited, and the order stood on the books for some years thereafter. In 1836, 7 and 8, he was elected selectman on the temperance ticket. One of his associates at this time was James O. Curtis, another shipbuilder and ardent temperance worker.

The following extract from the selectmen's records defines their position. It is from a petition to the County Commissioners who according to the law at that time had the right to issue liquor licenses over the heads of the selectmen.

"And we most earnestly pray your honors to with hold granting licenses to any persons in this Town who are not recommended by us — believing it to be the sincere and general opinion of the inhabitants by a test vote on the temperance Question last March, that the Public good does not require the sale of Ardent Spirits except for medicinal purposes & the arts: as manifested by choosing a Board of Selectmen pledged to sustain the course we have taken relative to the applications aforesaid — your concurrence in our views & the wishes of a large majority of the inhabitants & legal voters of this town is most humbly and respectfully requested."

I found among Mr. James' papers a marked copy of the *Boston Blade*, a rank example of yellow journalism in the 40s. Under a cut representing Bacchus seated on a barrel on wheels, drawn by a disreputable nag, preceded by a man going through the air on a broomstick, we read as follows: "The above cut represents smutty Ben, the blacksmith (Benjamin Moore), the spy and informer, going at full speed to collect witnesses with a horse and buggy belonging to old Galen of the James, with old pugnose T. C. (Timothy Cotting) in the foreground with a baker's broom to keep the road clean." Other men prominent in temperance affairs came in for their



share of ridicule and scandalous hints. When the Mystic Church was founded, the same enemies reviled Galen James, and did their best to foster ill will between the two churches. The same reporter probably penned the following:—

“We happened up High Street last Sabbath just as the different societies were going to their houses of worship, and were somewhat surprised that one of the comeouters were placed at the corner of the town house inviting passers to come in and see the lion dance and hear Mac the Scotchman preach. Wonder if he was placed there by the royal family? O fie on such means to fill the house:—but a drowning man will catch at straws. What say, Galen, was it your doings?”

We of this generation cannot understand or conceive of the intense bitterness of the early total abstinence agitation, and, withal, the strong doctrinal lines which kept workers apart. A letter written by Mr. Calvin Temple of Reading, addressed to Mr. James as Chairman of the Committee of the Middlesex Temperance Society, says:

“Arrangements were made to obtain subscriptions, but on presenting your letter to some of the most prominent temperance men they objected and imposed on me the necessity of asking and on you of answering the following questions, viz: Is Mr. Cobb to be an agent the coming year, and if not is the agent to be an Orthodox man? I am exceedingly sorry that any sectarian feelings should exist, but they do exist so strongly in some minds that they will not give a single mite unless the agent is in accordance with their views in his religious sentiments.”

This letter is endorsed “answered.” I wish the deacon had kept a copy as he sometimes did, for I think this communication may have been pithy. Orthodox to the backbone, he did not assert sectarianism in his temperance work; for in Medford, Rev. Caleb Stetson, Unitarian, Rev. Hosea Ballou, Universalist, with his parishioners, Timothy Cotting and James O. Curtis, and others from every denomination in town, worked to stamp out intemperance, and to encourage legislation against illegal liquor selling.

The fight against intemperance and slavery, in which Deacon James was prominent, brought down all religious barriers and healed many old wounds made by doctrinal differences.

In conjunction with the temperance movement, an attempt was made to carry on the Medford House as a temperance hotel backed by stockholders who were prominent citizens. George W. Porter was treasurer and Luther Angier, clerk. Galen James was a shareholder owning five at a par value of one hundred dollars each, numbered 51 to 55 inclusive, and did his part to make the undertaking a success, but the effort failed.

From 1834 to 1840, inclusive, Mr. James was a member of the school committee. He was much interested in higher education, especially for girls. In 1834, he was associated with Horatio A. Smith and Milton James on the board. Mr. Smith for some years had carried on what he called "The Medford High School," and the children and niece of Mr. James had attended. These men were in hearty accord, and, against much opposition, but to the great joy of many who were financially debarred from private schools, the public Medford High School was established in 1835, for children of both sexes over twelve years old who could pass the examination. Mr. Charles Cummings says: "Though the school tax would be increased one half, yet he stemmed the tide of objection, and, with the aid of one or two others, the school was established."

I have been giving you documentary history of this man of iron with a tender heart, but his history is recorded in the hearts of those whose lives he made brighter by his smiles and ready wit, or who were rescued from ruin by his timely advice or financial aid.

He could never be downed in an argument, and was never at a loss for a repartee, his wit being often two-edged. One of his dearest friends was Capt. St. Croix Redman, his brother-in-law. Many were the discussions that they indulged in when the captain chanced to be at

home. It was long years before the captain came to the deacon's way of thinking, but Captain Redman wrote: "Pray write me at every opportunity; let your letters be written as though you were writing to Horace or lecturing me in your counting-room."

The flings of his enemies and his disappointments were offset by his habitual good nature. At one time he invested in what was called "The Eastern Land Speculation," and with a party of gentlemen went down to visit their possessions. They found the land which they had bought to be where it was indicated on the map, but the map-maker had neglected to show that it was under water. There was dismay in the camp, and a good deal of strong language was used. Whereupon, the deacon caught up a stick of wood and the poker, used the stick for a fiddle and the poker for a bow, and whistling a lively tune, went dancing around the camp till he had changed frowns into laughter. His love of a joke often relieved the strain when differences of opinion became uncomfortable. In some of his experiences a fiddle of some kind must have been a necessity to him.

Mr. Todd, who worked for him in the printing office when a boy, says, "One time when something arose which was quite unpleasant, probably my fault, the deacon looked up, and said, 'Thomas, did you ever see a mad deacon?' I replied, 'No, Deacon James, I never did,' He ejaculated, 'Better not! better not!' and I did not see a mad deacon at that time, nor ever see him angry, although in my experience in church and out, since then, I have seen a great many mad deacons."

He was always frugal in his habits. In the years of comparative poverty, walking to Boston and back to save the fifty cents stage fare for charity or religious work. But he did not live meanly, and a playful reference by his wife in one of her letters assures us he was a well-dressed man even if our memories did not testify to the fact. "I have sent your *second* best suit. I thought I would not send your bright buttoned coat, lest the good

people of Wrentham should think you were not a real good Orthodox Deacon."

His carriage, as I remember it, was somewhat antique and was called, half in fun and half in earnest, "the Gospel wagon." It was literally a carryall, and was drawn by a good but not handsome horse, which had a bad habit of hugging the reins under his tail. The deacon probably reasoned with him long to no purpose, and then, accepting the inevitable, rigged an arrangement of two rings attached to the carriage top, through which the reins were passed safely out of the way of the offending tail. Horse and driver were much happier, although there were many smiling faces on the road; but the deacon was never disturbed by smiles, and he beamed too, especially when the gospel wagon was full of children going to Sunday-school. Many an aged person or invalid was afforded the only chance to go to church by this same old carriage.

One room in his house was called the "prophet's room," and visiting ministers were always lodged there unless invited elsewhere. Divinity students often spent the summer with him, saving the money that they would have had to pay for board during vacation for college expenses. He was a tower of strength and sympathy to his own pastor. Quoting again from Mr. Todd: "I recall one time Rev. J. M. Manning, D.D., the former pastor of the Mystic Church, Medford, afterward pastor of the Old South Church, Boston, came to his office, with his usually sunny face clouded. The deacon glanced at him, and said, 'My dear pastor, something is weighing your soul down, and it must be lifted. Let us have a talk together.' They went into an inner room, and what was said is not known to the writer, but when they came out the cloud was lifted from the face of the 'dear pastor,' and he seemed his old sunny self once more."

At the council for the dismissal of Mr. Manning to the Old South, Deacon James rose and said, "My text is my sermon and my sermon is my text." He then opened his Bible and read from 2 Samuel: 12:—

There were two men in one city; the one rich, and the other poor. The rich man had exceeding many flocks and herds; but the poor man had nothing, save one little ewe lamb, which he had brought and nourished up: and it grew up together with him and his children; it did eat of his own morsel, and drank of his own cup, and lay in his bosom and was unto him as a daughter. And there came a traveller unto the rich man, and he spared to take of his own flock and of his own herd, to dress for the wayfaring man that was come unto him, but took the poor man's lamb, and dressed it for the man that was come unto him. . . . And Nathan said unto David, Thou art the man.

Without another word the deacon sat down. You remember that Mr. Manning came to Medford right from the divinity school, and died as the pastor of the Old South.

In Deacon James' pocketbook was written "Thy vows are upon me, O Lord," and whenever aid was needed for public or private charity or the extension of the gospel at home or abroad, that pocketbook could be depended upon. The poor woman with a drunken husband, widows with little children, hard pressed ministers, missionaries, poor churches, slaves, soldiers, philanthropic objects everywhere profited by its contents. He believed in being his own executor, and for years before his death gave away money from his principal. When the Mystic Church was organized, a method of raising funds was adopted which might shock a modern congregation. A list of the town taxes was presented, and each man was assessed for church purposes in proportion to his property tax. Young men, paying only a poll tax, were assessed according to their ability to get a living. Deacon James and his brother, Deacon Joseph James, headed the list with the largest subscriptions. He never asked anyone to follow where he was not ready to lead.

I am afraid that in his connection with the founding of the churches I may have emphasized too much what his enemies called bigotry, and have not made plain enough to those who never knew him the Christian character of the man. He did nothing for effect. He was

like a general who was willing to move the position of his troops, if necessary, but did it with his colors flying. He might retreat, but he would never surrender, and always obeyed the orders of his Commander-in-chief as he understood them.

"His independent thinking, his originality, his foresight, his faith and his courage," says Mr. Cummings, "fitted him better to lead than to follow men. His aims and plans were in advance of his time.

"Though one of the busiest of men, his constant purpose was vastly higher than the making of money."

A ship-builder, a publisher, a founder and pillar of two churches, a pioneer in the temperance and anti-slavery struggles, he was never too busy to listen to cries of distress, to comfort a discouraged neighbor, or to be to a little child, "the Mr. James that loves me so."

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#### AN OLD PHYSICIAN'S RECORD.

**D**R. Ebenezer Marrow, a physician of Medford, served as a commissioned officer in the service of the Province. He was a Lieutenant in Col. John Winslow's regiment "For the defence of the Eastern Frontiers:" in 1754, in the expedition which established Forts Halifax and Western upon the Kennebec. — Mass. Archives, xciii, 132.

The next year he was again serving as a lieutenant under Winslow, in the campaign which resulted in the removal of the French Neutrals. He was at Beau Séjour July 2, "under Indisposition of Body," and was granted leave to return to New England; but he returned to duty at Fort Cumberland, August 19. — Winslow. M. S. Journal in Mass. Hist. So. Library, 105, 106. In 1757 he was in the practice of his profession in Medford. — Mass. Archives, xviii, 543.

His services in the campaign of 1758 are described in the following petition.

"May 1764. Humbly sheweth. The Petition of Ebenezer Marrow of Medford. That in the year 1758 he went in the Expedition to the Westward, as a Capt<sup>n</sup> in Col: Jonathan Bagley's Regiment, & was ordered to march from hence with his Company to Albany in the Month of May. — That he carried with him a Quantity of Med'cines to the Value of Twenty pounds two shillings & one penny lawful Money, and when he came to Albany some of the Soldiers fell Sick. and the Surgeons of the Regiments being without medicine (having put the Med'cine Chests on board a Vessell not then arriv'd) Col. Bagley order'd him to deliver them what Med'cines they wanted, which he did — And that afterwards he (your pet') marched to Fort Edward where he found other Surgeons in want of Med'cine also, having the Sick & infirm of Seven Regiments left there. some of them ill with the Small Pox: & those Surgeons not having had the Small Pox themselves,

General Abercromby order'd your Petitioner to remain there with that Command. & ordered the Surgeons up to Ticonderoga with the Army. — That he attended all the Sick there at said Encampment while the Army was gone to the Lake. & dressed near 300 of the wounded when they came down from the Lake; & continued in Said Service from the beginning of June to the last of November: in which Time he exhausted all his med'cine (excepting a small Quantity as appears by his acco<sup>t</sup>) & bought more at Albany. having Col. Bagley's Promise that he would endeavour the Province should pay him for them. & his Trouble also — That the Reason of his not petitioning y<sup>r</sup> Hon<sup>rs</sup> before the last Session was the Absence of Col Bagley, whose Assistance he very much wanted for informing your Honours of the whole Affair. nothing doubting but that your Honours were ever ready to do him Justice. as soon as he should shew the justice of his Cause. tho' at never so great a Distance of Time — He therefore at the last Session at Cambridge presented y<sup>r</sup> Excell<sup>y</sup> & Hon<sup>rs</sup> with a Petition (of which the present

one contains the Contents) w<sup>ch</sup> petit<sup>n</sup> passed the lower House & was sent up for Concurrence: but before it was considered by the Council, it was unfortunately consum'd in the late Fire, so that your pet<sup>r</sup> is under a necessity of preferring another: and humbly prays that y<sup>r</sup> Excell<sup>y</sup> & Honours wou'd be pleased to grant him such Allowance for his Medicines & extraordinary Service as in your great Wisdom & Goodness you shall think proper & your petitioner as in Duty bound shall ever pray.

Eben<sup>r</sup> Marrow."

Mass. Archives, lxxx, 476.

He was allowed £21, 2s. 1d.

Under date of June 23, 1744, William Ward sold to Ebenezer Merrow "The Gravel Pit," so called, with house and barn, together with a two-pole way leading down to the river. The estate was bounded westerly on Jonathan Tufts ten and one-half rods; northerly on said Tufts' marsh seven rods; easterly on the county road (Main street) ten and one-half rods; southerly on the way (South street) that leads to the landing place (the ford) nine rods, which way is laid out two rods wide. One of the conditions of the sale was that the said Merrow should maintain one-half of Mystic bridge and the causey (causeway) forever. The two-pole way was situated directly in front of the old shop formerly occupied by Page and Curtin on Main street. The first bridge across the Mystic river was only wide enough to allow of the passage of a single cart, and as the bridge was widened from time to time the widening took place on the westerly or up-stream side of the bridge, so that when the old drawbridge was removed in 1879 to make way for the construction of the present stone bridge, the "two-pole way" was so reduced in width that only about twelve feet of the way remained, and the increased width of the stone bridge over that of the old drawbridge obliterated all traces of the old way. The gravel pit lot is now occupied by the Central Engine House and part of the Symmes buildings.



Dr. Ebenezer Merrow, or Marrow, is supposed to have been the son of the Ebenezer Merrow who purchased the tract of land above described.

JOHN H. HOOPER.

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### UNPUBLISHED MANUSCRIPTS.

Nearly fifty years ago Mr. Caleb Swan, formerly of Medford, wrote for his own satisfaction the following items of interest, as well as many others which have been preserved. They are now presented in the REGISTER as a glimpse of the Medford of the olden days. Mr. Swan expressed his regret that Medford's history was not written while Dr. Osgood and Governor Brooks were living to give information.

It must be understood that at the time of President Washington's visit, General (not then Governor) Brooks lived in the "Jonathan Watson house," adjoining the third meeting-house.

"The visit of General Washington to General Brooks in 1789, was in the forenoon. He came on horseback, escorted by several gentlemen from Boston. Their horses were taken to the barn of Mr Isaac Greenleaf nearly opposite the house of Dr. Osgood — where Capt. Ward from Salem afterwards built his house and died — and now owned and occupied by Mr Thatcher Magoun Jr.

"Mrs Samuel Swan was then at school in the Town School (kept by Mr Prentiss) now Mr Train's house, and next West of Gen<sup>l</sup> Brooks' house. She remembers the children were all brought out in line in front of the School to see General Washington. Every scholar held a quill in his hand.

"Mr Greenleaf's son Isaac, now living in Medford — aged 80 — also remembers the visit, and that the horses were brought to his Father's barn.

"Benjamin L. Swan remembers hearing of this visit from General Brooks himself. While he was on a visit to Medford, he called on General Brooks, who invited him to go and see his fine bed of Mangel Wurtzels in his garden and while there, the General told him the last time he saw General Washington was on the above visit to him.

"Mrs Howe told Dr. Swan she remembers hearing Mrs Ingraham speak of seeing General Washington on this visit. Mrs Howe also remembers hearing Mrs Ingraham say she received a polite bow from General Washington as he passed her house—she was gaily dressed for the occasion. Mrs Howe also recollects Governor Brooks telling her that General Washington breakfasted with him.

"Mrs Abner Bartlett says Mrs ——— told her that Col. Brooks requested Mrs. Brooks to have some Indian Corn cakes at breakfast, as General Washington was fond of them."

On page 290, Brooks' "History of Medford," the author says, "We wish it were in our power to name the teachers of our public schools, who have filled their high and sacred office. . . . Usage forbids this," etc.

In a letter to Dudley Hall, Esq., Mr. Swan, in 1865 (soon after the death of his "brother doctor" Swan), wrote of enclosing the following list, which he hoped Mr. Hall would attach to page 283 of his copy of the history, as he himself had done. Mr. Swan came from his home in New York to his brother's obsequies, and on meeting Mr. Hall they talked of their school days long past. Doubtless they exchanged memories pleasant and otherwise that hark back to the days when the "oil of birch" was freely used. With little regard for "usage," he found it in *his* "power," and his memoranda are a valuable contribution to Medford annals.

#### SCHOOLMASTERS IN MEDFORD.

Oct., 1789. [Mr] ——— Prentiss, [schoolhouse] now Mr. Train's house.

When Gen'l Washington visited Col. Brooks.

About 1790. Nathaniel Thayer.

Settled as minister of Lancaster in 1793. Father of John E. Thayer and Brother, Brokers, Boston.

After 1790. Luther Stearns of Lunenburg.

Afterward physician, then principal of Boys' and Girls' Academy in Medford. Died there in 1820, aged 50.

After 1790. Joseph Wyman of Woburn. Mr. Pierce his assistant.

Afterward principal of Boys' and Girls' Academy in Medford. Left Medford 1799, died in Woburn about 1825. Succeeded by Miss Rowson.

1796. — Warren. Thomas Mason for six months.  
A large, powerful man; a great wrestler. Settled as minister of Deerfield, 1799.
- Fall 1796, 1797. Leonard Woods of Princeton, for six months. Joined the church under Dr. Osgood.  
President Andover Theological Seminary. Died there Aug., 1854, aged 81.
- 1798, 1799. David A. White of Methuen, to Aug., 1799.  
Afterward Latin tutor in Harvard College nearly four years, State senator, member of Congress, judge of Probate, Essex Co. Died Mar. 30, 1861, aged 84.
- 1800 to 1802. Abner Rogers of Hampstead, N. H.  
Afterward proctor in Harvard College, then a highly respectable lawyer in Charlestown. Died there Feb. 23, 1814.
1802. Daniel Kimball of Bradford.  
Afterward minister in Hingham, then principal of Academy in Needham.
1802. Peter Nourse, six months.  
Afterward librarian of Harvard College, then minister in —.
- Aug., 1803, Aug., 1805. Daniel Swan of Medford.  
Studied medicine with Gen'l Brooks, afterward physician in Brighton and in Medford since 1816. Died Dec. 5, 1864, aged 83.
1805. Jacob Coggin of Woburn, six weeks during college vacation.  
Afterward minister in Tewkesbury. Died there in 1855.
1805. Amos Willard Rugg of New Hampshire.  
Died in Medford, Sept., 1805, after a short sickness of brain fever.
- Sept. 1805 to 1807. Samuel Weed of Amesbury.  
Studied medicine with Gen'l Brooks, afterward physician in Portland. Died Nov. 24, 1857, aged 83.
1807. Noah Kendall.  
Assisted by his wife and his brother.
1821. Luther Angier of Natick.  
Afterward postmaster in Medford; continues to reside there [1865].
- Baker.  
Afterward (in one year) went to Charlestown by invitation on a larger salary.

#### ERRATUM.

On page 66, read Mr. Aaron Porter instead of Warner. There was in later years a Rev. Aaron Warner, who was the first pastor of the Second Church — who might possibly wonder a little at the present Medford.

JAN 27 1908  
Vol. XI.]

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# HISTORICAL REGISTER



JANUARY, 1908

PUBLISHED BY THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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Entered as second-class matter, under the act of July 16, 1894,  
Medford Station, Boston, Massachusetts.

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## MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER.

Published quarterly (January, April, July, and October)

BY THE

Medford Historical Society,

AT

No. 2 Ashland Street, Medford, Mass.

Subscription price, one dollar a year, postpaid. Single copies, 25 cents.

For sale at the Society Rooms, and by the Treasurer, ALFRED R. WINTER,  
31 College Avenue.

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Vol. XI.

[No. 2.]

# HISTORICAL REGISTER



APRIL, 1903

PUBLISHED BY THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
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Entered as second-class matter, under the act of July 16, 1894,  
Medford Station, Boston, Massachusetts.

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## MEDFORD HISTORICAL REGISTER.

Published quarterly (January, April, July, and October).

BY THE

Medford Historical Society,

AT

No. 2 Ashland Street, Medford, Mass.

Subscription price, one dollar a year, postpaid. Single copies, 25 cents.

For sale at the Society Rooms, and by the Treasurer, ALFRED R. WINTER,  
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Vol. XI.]

[No. 3.]

# HISTORICAL REGISTER



JULY, 1908

PUBLISHED BY THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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J. C. MILLER, JR., PRINTER, MEDFORD.



Vol. XI.]

[No. 4.]

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OCTOBER, 1908

PUBLISHED BY THE  
MEDFORD HISTORICAL SOCIETY  
MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS

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